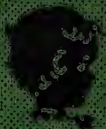


ELSON-GRAY

BASIC READERS

BOOK ONE



GAGE-NELSON







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September, 1993

THE
ELSON BASIC READERS
BOOK ONE

BY
WILLIAM H. ELSON
AND
WILLIAM S. GRAY



TORONTO
W. J. GAGE & CO., LIMITED
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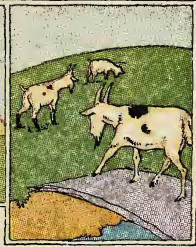
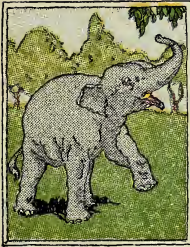
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PREFACE

The authors of the *Elson Basic Book One* have attempted to achieve two significant aims. First, they have retained those features of the long-popular *Elson Book One* which experience has shown are most valuable. Among these features are (a) variety in the types of material included, (b) plot structure, rather than mere routine incident, to awaken keen interest, and (c) literary source, to supply selections of superior charm.

The second aim in this revision was to incorporate new features demanded by experience and the results of recent experiments in reading. Four such features merit special emphasis: (a) organization of the material to promote sequential habits of thinking; (b) simplicity in content, sentence structure, and vocabulary to insure rapid progress, confidence, and strong interest; (c) balanced variety to cause a steady growth in diversified reading interests; and (d) a practical method, based on the results of scientific studies, to build an early foundation for the various reading attitudes, habits, and skills that are essential in modern life.

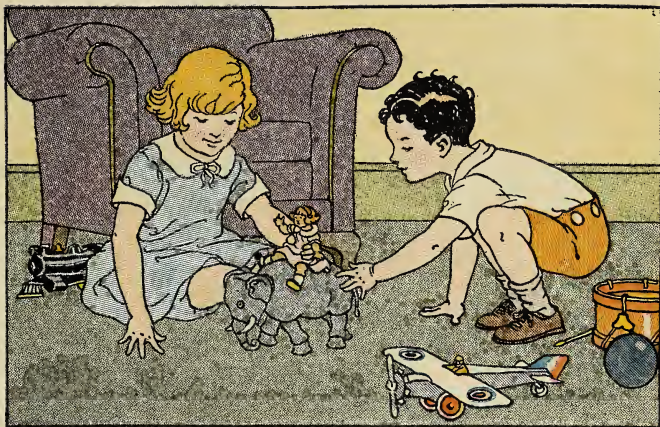
Another distinctive feature of *Book One* relates to the extreme care exercised at every stage of its construction. In addition to continuous and painstaking effort by the authors, the materials included were subjected to the constant criticism of experts in primary instruction. Furthermore, studies were continually in progress with respect to various problems which were subject to quantitative determination.

These studies have emphasized the need of more serious attention to certain fundamental factors in the construction of basic readers. Most notable of these is the need of establishing word mastery by the careful introduction, distribution, and repetition of the vocabulary. An analysis of the *Elson Basic Readers* will reveal the unusual care given to these basic qualities.

PART · I



PETS, TOYS, AND PLAY



The Toy Elephant

Tom and Polly had a new toy.

It was a little gray elephant.

His name was Jumbo.

“I like Jumbo,” said Polly.

“He is a good little elephant.

But I want to see a big elephant.

Big elephants are funny.

Toy elephants are not very funny.”



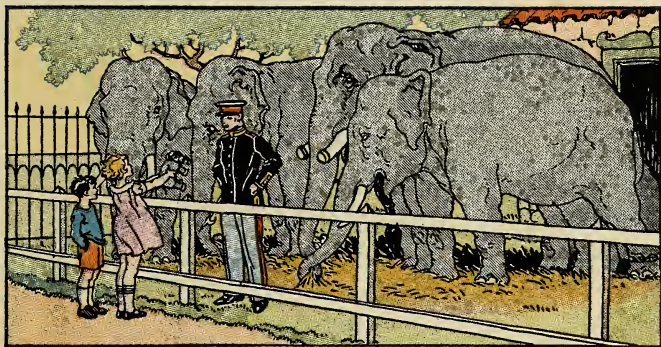
Tom said, "We will take Jumbo to the zoo.

Then he can see the big elephants."

So Tom and Polly and Jumbo went to the zoo.

"I like the zoo," said Polly.

"Jumbo likes it, too."



They saw four big elephants
in the elephant house.

One elephant was very, very big.

Polly said, "Look, Jumbo.

See that big, big elephant."

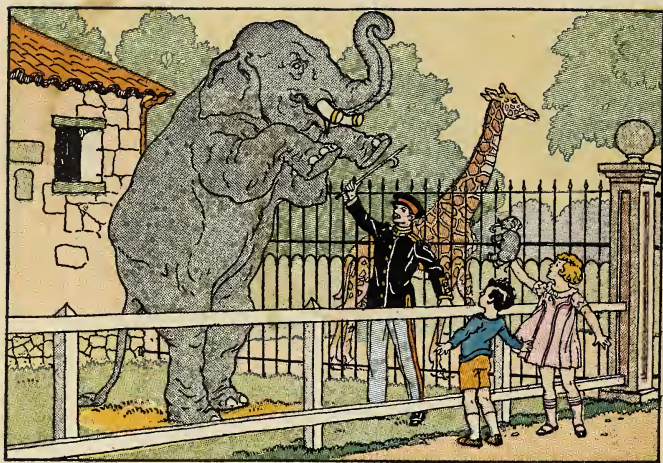
Then a man came along and
looked at Jumbo.

"Is that a baby elephant?" he said.

Polly laughed and said, "Oh, no.

This is just a toy elephant.

His name is Jumbo."



The man said, "Jumbo must see
a big elephant do some tricks."

The man went to a big elephant.

"Up, up! Stand up!" he said.

Up, up went the big elephant.

"Down, down!" said the man, and
the elephant sat down.

How Tom and Polly laughed!

The big elephant looked so funny!



Then the man said, "Look, children!
Now the big elephant will stand
on his head."

"Oh, oh!" said Tom.

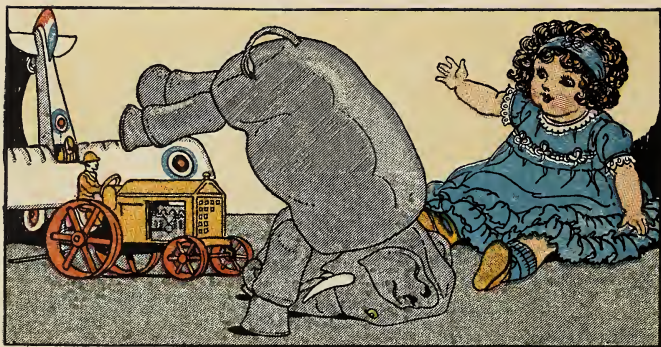
"That is a good trick."

Polly said, "Oh, my!

I wish Jumbo could do that.

But he can not do any tricks.

He is just a toy elephant."



The next morning Polly went to get Jumbo.

Guess what she saw.

“Tom, Tom!” she called.

“Look at Jumbo!

He can do one trick.

He can stand on his head.”

Tom laughed.

“Oh, Polly!” he said.

“Little Jumbo thinks that he is the big elephant at the zoo.”



Bunny Boy

Bunny Boy was a white rabbit.

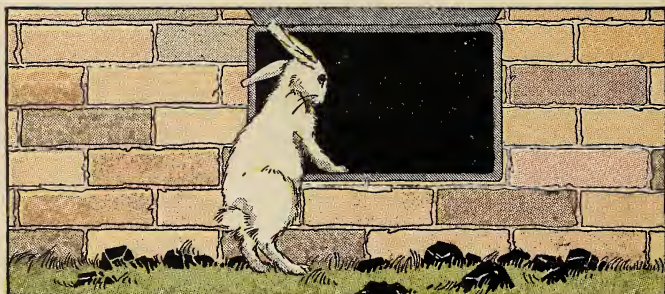
He was a happy rabbit.

Bunny Boy liked to play with Jane and Ned.

He liked to play with Spot, the cat, and Jack, the dog.

They all liked Bunny Boy.

What fun they had!



One day Bunny Boy was playing in the yard with Spot and Jack.

Bunny found a big dark hole under the house.

“What a big hole!” he said.

“I will hide in it.

Spot and Jack can not find me.”

So Bunny jumped into the hole.

Down, down, down he fell.

“Oh, oh!” said Bunny Boy.

“How black it is down here!

I am all black, too.”



“Where is Bunny Boy?” said Ned.

“Where is Bunny Boy?” said Jane.

“Oh, dear! Where can he be?”

They looked and looked for him.

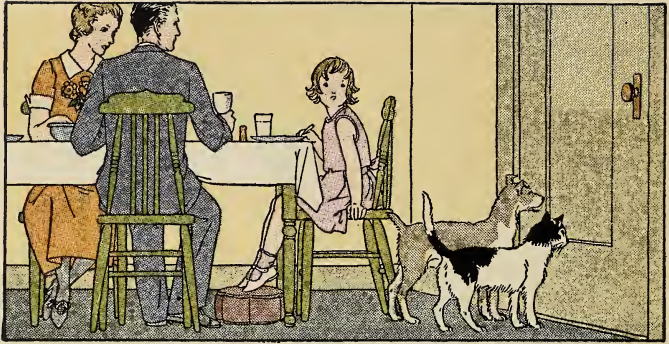
They looked in the house and
in the yard.

They looked up and down the street.

Mother and Father looked.

Spot and Jack looked.

But no one could find Bunny Boy.



Then Mother said, "We must go to dinner now."

They all went into the house, but Jane and Ned were not happy.

They did not want any dinner.

They wanted their rabbit.

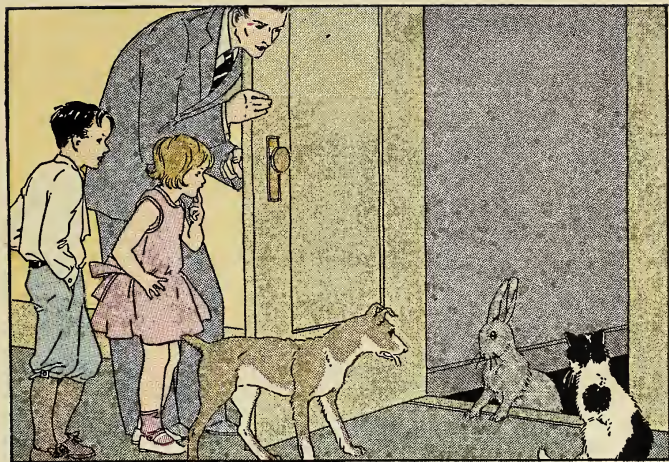
All at once Jack said, "Bow-wow!"

Then he ran to the door.

Spot ran to the door, too.

Something was there.

What was it?



Father ran and opened the door.

There sat a rabbit.

“Oh, look!” said Jane.

“It is a rabbit.”

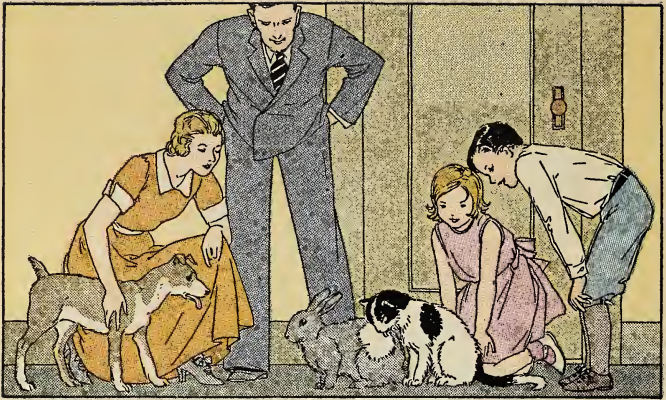
“But it is not Bunny Boy,” said Ned.

“It is not a white rabbit.”

Just then the rabbit saw Spot.

Hop, hop, hop it went to her.

Guess what Spot did.



“Oh, oh!” said Ned. “Look at Spot!
She is washing the rabbit.
She is washing the black away.
It is a white rabbit.
It is Bunny Boy!”

Then they all laughed.

“Oh, Bunny Boy,” said Jane,
“how did you get so black?”

Ned said, “I can guess.”

Jane said, “I can guess, too.”



Fun in the Snow

The boys and girls were happy.
They were playing in the snow.
Some were making snow-balls.
Some were making a snow-man
on the hill.

Some were going down the hill
on a big new sled.



“Come on, boys,” called Joe.

“Who wants a ride on my sled?”

Two boys jumped on the sled
with Joe.

Away they went down the hill.

Soon Bobby found an old dish-pan
in the snow.

“This will make a good sled,”
he said. “Here I go.”



Down, down the hill went Bobby
in the old dish-pan.

He went this way and that way!
Round and round, faster and faster!
Then over went the dish-pan, and
out went Bobby.

Over and over he went in the snow.
How the children laughed!
Bobby laughed, too.

“That was a fine ride,” he said.

“The old dish-pan makes a good sled.”



“Let me ride,” said Betty.

“Let me ride next,” said Alice.

All the children wanted to ride
in the old dish-pan.

Down the hill they went, this way
and that way.

Some fell out in the snow and
went over and over.

What a good time they had!



Soon there was a big round hole in the old dish-pan.

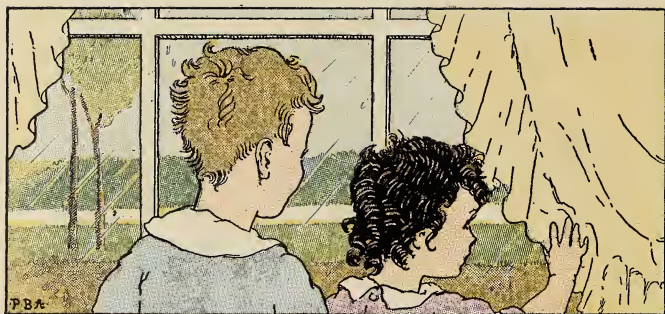
The children could not ride in it.

Bobby ran to the snow-man and put the dish-pan on his head.

The children said, "The dish-pan makes a fine hat for him.

Now his head will not be cold."

Then they all ran home.



Fun in the Rain

Down, down came the rain.

Patty and Joe were in the house.

They wanted to play in the rain.

“Please, Mother,” they said.

“We want to go out in the rain.

May we go to see Dick?”

Mother said, “Yes, you may go.”

So they put on their rain coats
and rain hats and rain shoes.

Then they went out in the rain.



Splash, splash went Joe and Patty down the street.

“Look, Patty,” said Joe.

“I am a duck. Quack, quack!”

Patty laughed and said, “Yes, yes, we are ducks. Quack, quack!”

So they went along the street with a quack, quack, quack and a splash, splash, splash.



Dick saw them coming and opened the front door.

“Hello, Joe and Patty,” he said.

“Are you wet?”

“No,” said Joe. “We are not wet. We have rain coats and rain hats and rain shoes.

It was fun to be out in the rain.”

Dick said, “Come in, come in.

You are just in time.

Mother and I are making cookies.

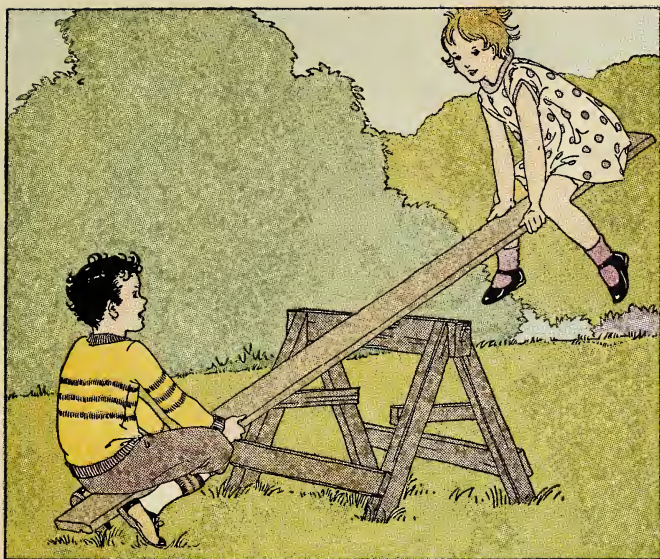
You may help us.”



They made funny brown cookies.
Some looked like pigs.
Some looked like rabbits.
Some looked like chickens.
Then every one ate cookies.
How good the cookies were!
“This is a fine party,” said Patty.
“I am glad we came.”



Soon Joe said, "Now we must go. Thank you for a good time, Dick. We have had fun at your house. Now we will have fun in the rain." Patty and Joe said good-bye. They put on their rain coats and rain hats and rain shoes. Then they opened the door. And, oh, how they laughed! The sun was shining!



My See-saw

Polly has a pony,

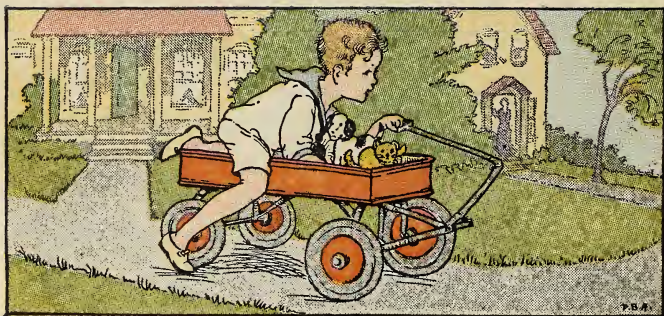
A pony white and brown,

And Billy has a wagon

To take him into town.

But I have made a see-saw,

And it goes up and down.



The Wind and the Toys

Billy was coming down the street in his big red wagon.

Little Toy Dog and Little Toy Cat were in the wagon with him.

He saw his mother at the door.

“Hello, Mother!” he said.

“I took my toys for a ride.”

Mother said, “That is fine, Billy.

But it is going to rain soon, and you must come in.”

Soon the rain came down.

Billy ran into the house, but he did not put his toys away.

Faster and faster came the rain.

Soon the red wagon, the toy dog, and the toy cat were very, very wet.

Night was coming, but no one put the toys away.

In the night the wind came along.

“Oo-oo, oo-oo, oo-oo,” it said.

“Come with me, red wagon.

Come along with me.”

Away went the big red wagon down the street.

Away went Little Toy Cat and Little Toy Dog.

On, on they went down the hill,

“Oo-oo, oo-oo, oo-oo,” said the wind.



Next morning the sun was shining.
Billy looked in the front yard
for his toys.

But he did not see them.

“Where is my wagon?” he said.

“Where is Little Toy Dog?

Where is Little Toy Cat?

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

I wish I had put them away.”

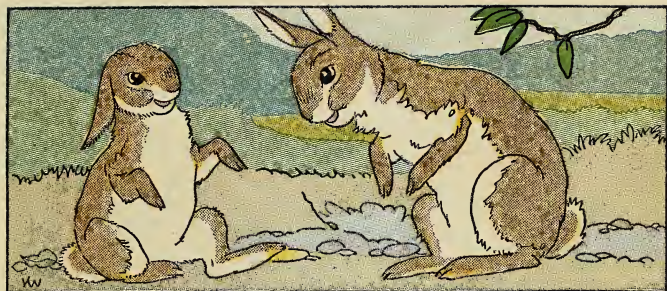


Just then a little girl came along.
She had the big red wagon.
She had Toy Dog and Toy Cat, too.
“Hello, Billy!” said the little girl.
“I found your toys in the street.
The wind took them down the hill.
They are very, very wet.”
“Oh, thank you, Betty,” said Billy.
“Next time I will put them away.”

PART • II



ANIMALS AND BIRDS



Bunny Plays a Trick

Bunny Rabbit lived in a big hole under a tree.

He lived with his mother.

One day Bunny said, "Now I am a big rabbit.

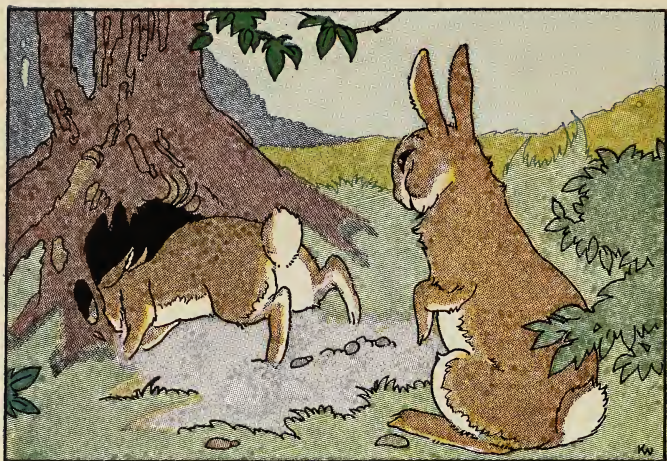
I must have my own home."

Mother Rabbit said, "Yes, Bunny.

You are a big rabbit now.

You can make your own home.

You can make it over there under that big tree."



Bunny Rabbit began to dig.
Soon he had made a big hole
for his new home.

It had a front door and a back door.
Bunny could go in the front door
and come out the back door.

He could go in the back door and
come out the front door.

“Now I have my own home,” he said.



One fine morning Bunny Rabbit sat in his own front door.

He said, "I must get some dinner. I am as hungry as I can be."

So he went down the road to find something to eat.

Hop, hop, hop he went.

All at once he saw a big dog.

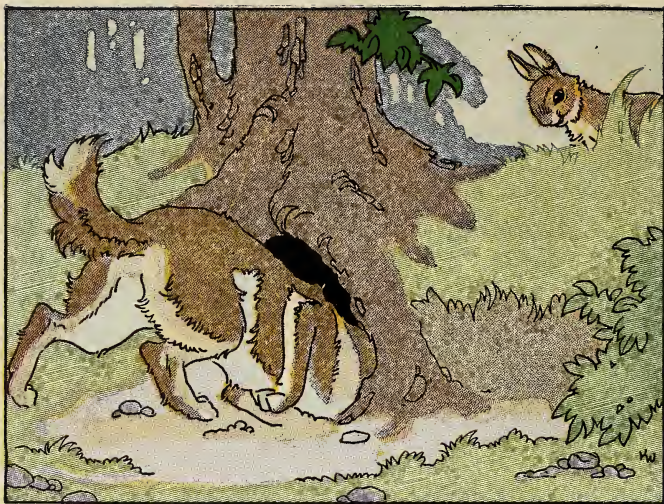
"Oh, dear!" said Bunny.

"Here comes a big dog!

I must run home."

Away ran Bunny Rabbit.

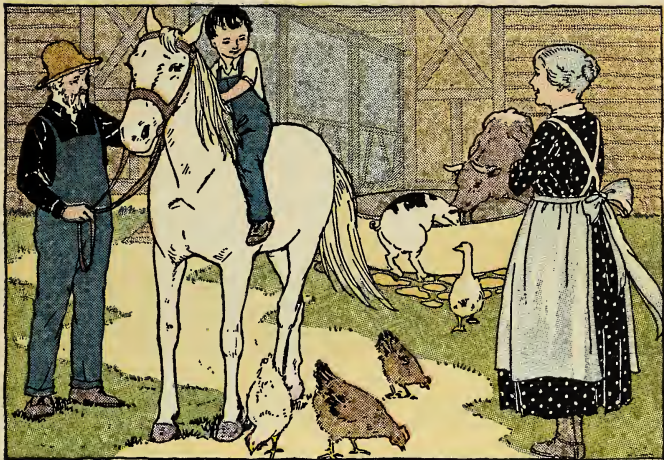
Away ran the big dog after him.



Soon Bunny was at his front door.
“I will play a trick on that dog,”
he thought.

In he went, hop, hop, hop!
The dog began to dig at the door.
But Bunny ran out the back door,
and the dog did not find him.

“What a good trick!” said Bunny.



A Surprise for Bobby

Every summer Bobby went to see his grandfather and grandmother.

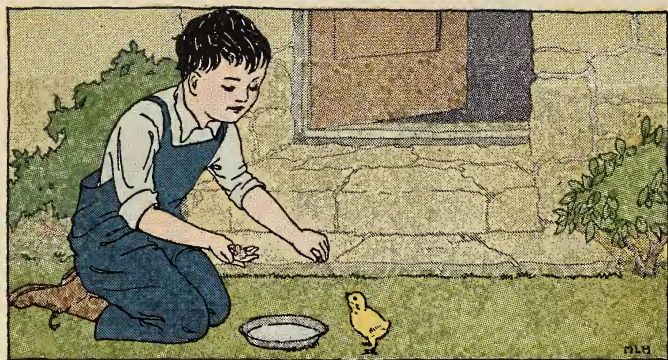
They lived on a farm.

Bobby liked to go to the farm.

He had a good time there.

He liked to help Grandfather feed the cows and pigs.

It was fun to be at the farm.



Bobby liked to help Grandmother feed the chickens.

One day Grandmother gave him a little yellow chicken.

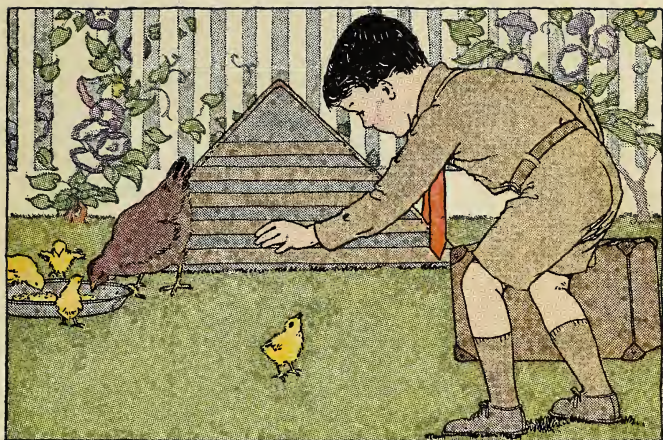
“You may have this little chicken for your own,” she said.

“But you must feed it every day.”

“Oh, thank you!” he said.

Every day Bobby went to feed the little yellow chicken.

He gave it water, too.



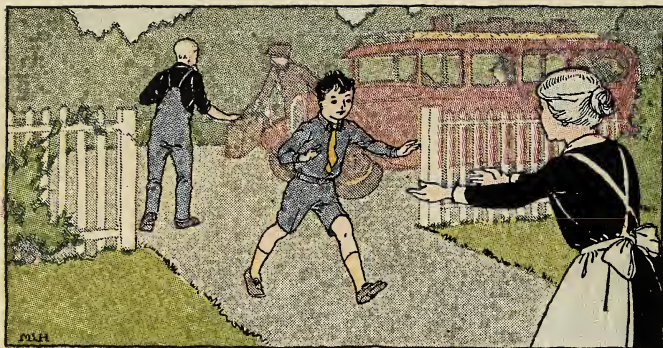
Soon the summer was over, and Father came to take Bobby home.

He said good-bye to Grandmother and Grandfather.

Then he ran to see his chicken.

“Good-bye, Little Yellow Chicken,” said Bobby. “Do not forget me.

I will come to see you again next summer.”



Next summer Bobby went back to the farm.

He was glad to see Grandfather and Grandmother.

He ran to Grandmother and asked her about his little yellow chicken.

“Where is my chicken?” he asked.

Grandmother said, “We will see.”

Soon they went to the barn.

Bobby looked and looked, but he did not see his little yellow chicken.



Just then a big brown hen jumped from a nest.

“Here is your little yellow chicken,” said Grandmother.

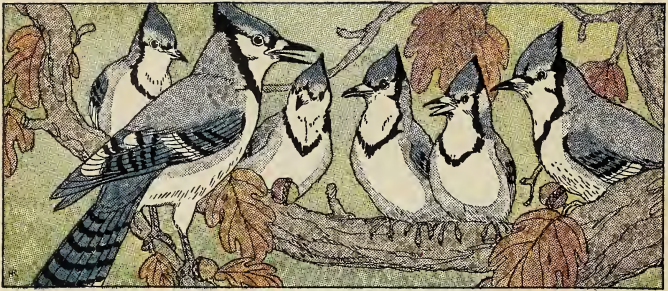
Bobby saw an egg in the nest.

“Look, look!” he said.

“I did not know my little chicken.

But she did not forget me.

She gave me an egg for breakfast.”



The Bluejay Tree

Some bluejays lived in an oak tree in a big yard.

They liked to eat acorns.

Every morning Father Bluejay said, "Come, little bluejays.

Come and eat your breakfast."

Then they had acorns for breakfast.

They had acorns for dinner, too.

Three times a day they had acorns.

All the bluejays thought there was nothing so good as acorns.

“Dear me!” said Mother Bluejay.

“Some day there may be no acorns.

Then what will we eat?”

Father Bluejay said, “I do not know.

But I will think about it, and then

I will tell you.”

Father Bluejay began to think.

He thought and thought.

At last he said, “We get acorns
from oak trees.

Oak trees grow from acorns.

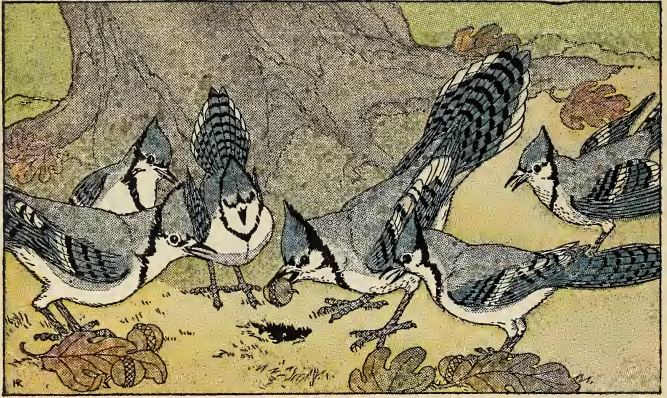
We must plant acorns so that we
will have oak trees.

We must plant them now.”

So he called to Mother Bluejay
and the four little bluejays.

“Who will help me?” he asked.

“We will!” said all the bluejays.



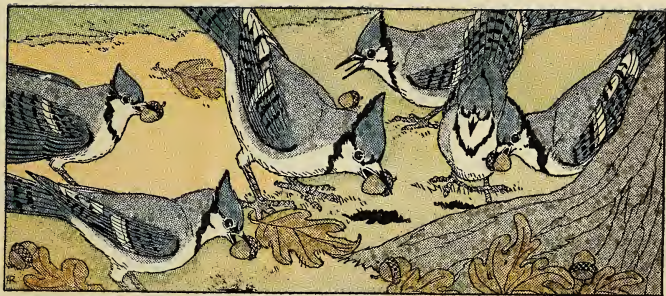
“Come along,” said Father Bluejay. All the bluejays flew down to the ground.

“Now see what I am going to do,” said Father Bluejay.

He began to look under the trees for a big acorn.

Soon he found a very big one.

Then he made a hole in the ground and put the acorn into it.



“What are you doing, Father?”
asked the little bluejays.

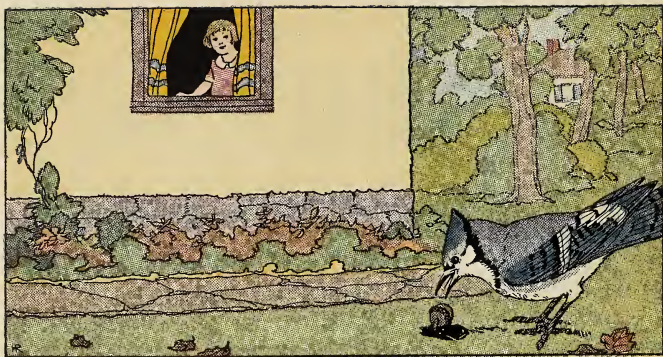
“Why do you hide the acorns
in the ground?”

Father Bluejay said, “I will tell you.
We get acorns from oak trees.
We must plant acorns so that
oak trees will grow.”

“Oh, oh!” cried the little bluejays.

“We want to plant acorns, too.”

Then all the bluejays began
to plant acorns.



Father Bluejay found a big acorn.

“This is a very fine acorn,” he said.

“I will plant a tree for Betty.”

So he flew to the next house and planted the acorn in the front yard.

Betty saw Father Bluejay.

“Mother!” she cried. “The bluejay has planted a tree for us.”

By and by a little oak tree began to grow from the acorn.

Betty called it the Bluejay Tree.



Little Bear and the Honey

Once there was a little brown bear who lived in the woods.

One fine summer morning he went for a walk.

He wanted to see what he could find in the big woods.

As he went along, he thought, "Oh, my, how hungry I am!

I wish I could find something to eat.

I wish I could find something good.

I wish I could find some honey."



All at once Little Bear stopped and began to sniff.

Sniff, sniff, sniff he went.

“Oh, oh!” said Little Bear.

“I smell something good.

It smells like honey.

It must be honey.

It must be up in that tree.

I will see.”



Little Brown Bear began to climb
up the big tree.

Up, up, up he went.

At last he came to a dark hole
in the tree.

Sniff, sniff went his black nose.

“Oh, oh, oh!” said Little Bear.

“How good it smells!

It is honey.”



Little Bear put his brown head into the dark hole.

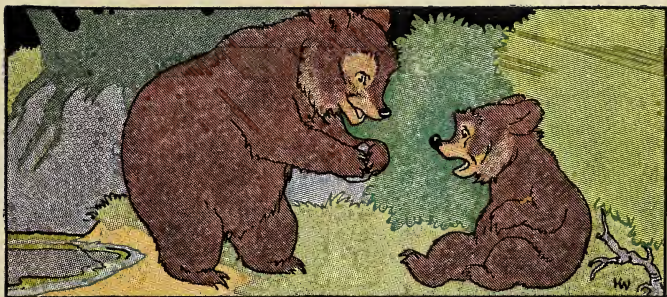
He found some honey, but he found some bees, too.

All at once a bee stung Little Bear on his black nose.

“Oh, my! Oh, my!” he cried.

“I will climb down.”

So he went down the tree and ran home to his mother.



“My, my!” said Mother Bear.

“What a big, big nose you have!”

Then Little Bear told his mother
about the honey tree.

He told her about the bees, too.

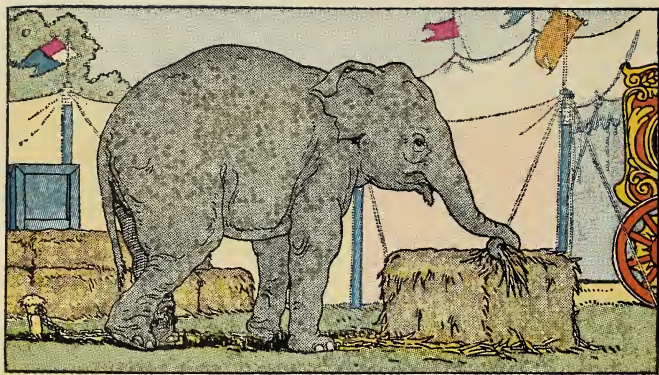
Mother Bear laughed and laughed.

“You funny little bear!” she said.

“The next time you want honey
you must ask me how to get it.”

Then she put something cold
on his big, big nose.

And soon Little Bear was asleep.



The Circus Elephant

Baby Elephant was not happy.

“I don’t like the circus,” he said.

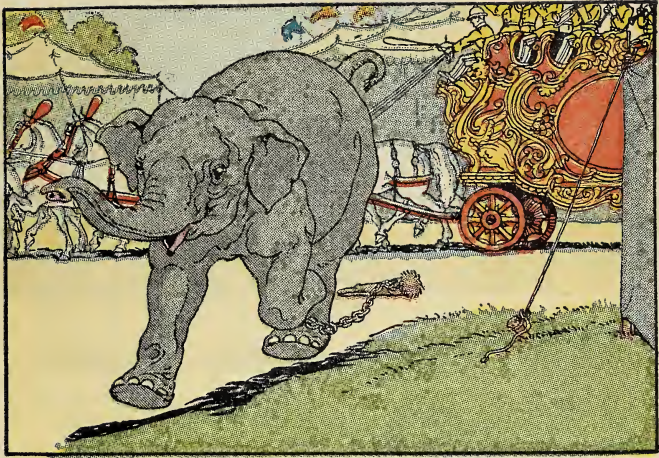
“I don’t want to put on a funny hat
and do tricks for boys and girls.

I don’t want to walk down town
in the parade.

I don’t want to stand here.

I want something,” he said.

“But I don’t know what I want.”



Soon every one in the circus began to get ready for the parade.

Then the big drum began to say, "Come, come! Come, come!"

Baby Elephant said, "Now I know what I want.

I want to run away."

So Baby Elephant ran away from the circus.



By and by Baby Elephant came to the big woods.

There he saw a gray squirrel.

“Hello,” said Baby Elephant.

“This is a fine place to live.

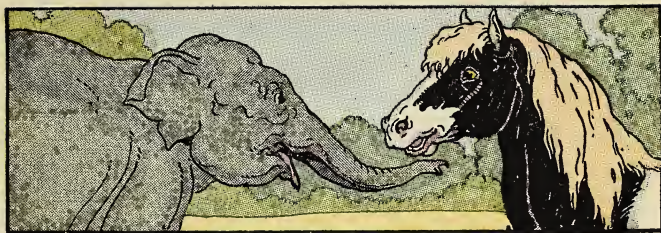
I think I will live here, too.”

The gray squirrel said, “Then you will have to hide some nuts.

You must get ready for winter.

Soon the snow will come, and then you will find nothing to eat.

Have you thought about that?”



Baby Elephant went on.

Soon he came to a pony.

“Hello!” said Baby Elephant.

“What a fine place to live.

I am going to live here, too.”

“Are you?” asked the pony.

“Then you will have to get ready
for winter.

You must cut some grass.”

“Why?” asked Baby Elephant.

The pony said, “There is nothing
to eat here in the winter.

Have you thought about that?”

Baby Elephant did not want to think about winter.

So he went on and on.

By and by he met a brown bear.

"Hello," said the bear.

"Did you come from a zoo?"

"Oh, no," said Baby Elephant.

"I ran away from the circus.

I am going to live in the woods."

"Well, well!" said the bear.

"You will have to dig a big hole."

"Why?" asked Baby Elephant.

"The snow will come very soon," said the bear. "Then there will be nothing to eat in the woods.

So you must sleep all winter in a big hole.

Have you thought about that?"

“This is not a good place to live,”
thought Baby Elephant.

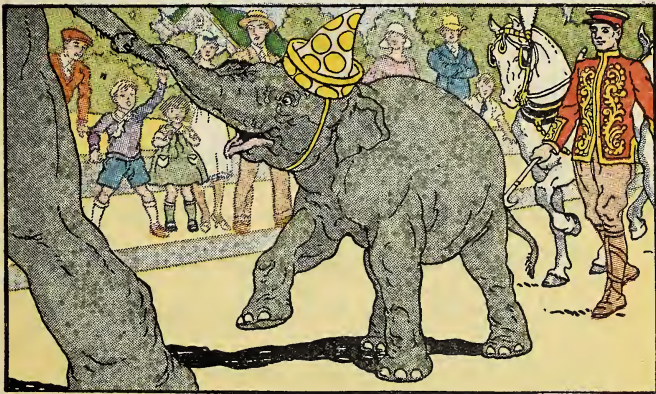
“I don’t want to cut grass.

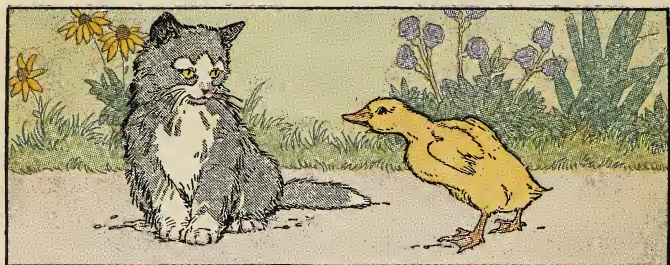
I don’t like nuts, and I don’t
want to sleep in a hole all winter.”

Just then he heard the big drum
say, “Come, come! Come, come!”

Baby Elephant began to run back
to the circus as fast as he could go.

He was just in time for the parade.





Little Duck Says Quack

Once a little yellow duck went for a walk.

As it went along the road, it met a gray kitten.

“Mew, mew,” said the kitten.

“Oh!” said the little duck.

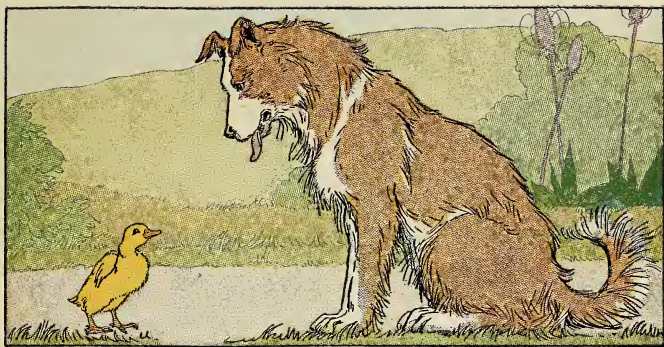
“What a pretty way to talk!

I wish I could talk that way.”

But Little Duck could not say “mew.”

All it could say was “m-ack, m-ack.”

And that was not pretty at all.



The little yellow duck went on
down the road.

Soon it came to a big, brown dog.

“Bow-wow,” said the dog.

“Oh!” said the little duck.

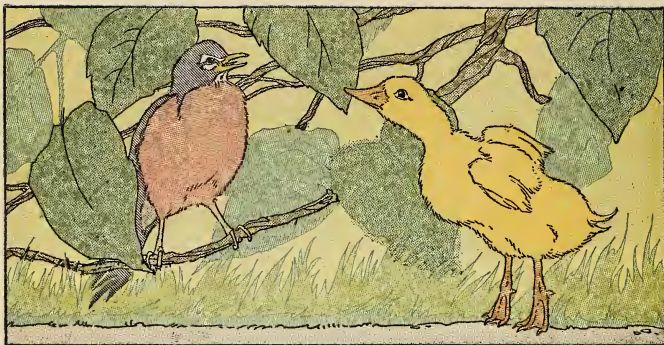
“What a pretty way to talk!

I wish I could talk that way.”

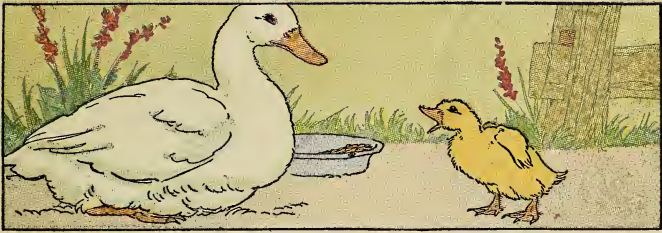
But it could not say “bow-wow.”

All the little duck could say
was “b-ack, b-ack.”

And that was not pretty at all.



The little yellow duck went on.
By and by it saw a pretty bird.
“Tweet, tweet,” said the bird.
“Oh!” said the little duck.
“What a pretty way to talk!
I wish I could talk that way.”
But the little duck found that it
could not say “tweet, tweet.”
All Little Duck could say was
“tw-ack, tw-ack.”
And that was not pretty at all.

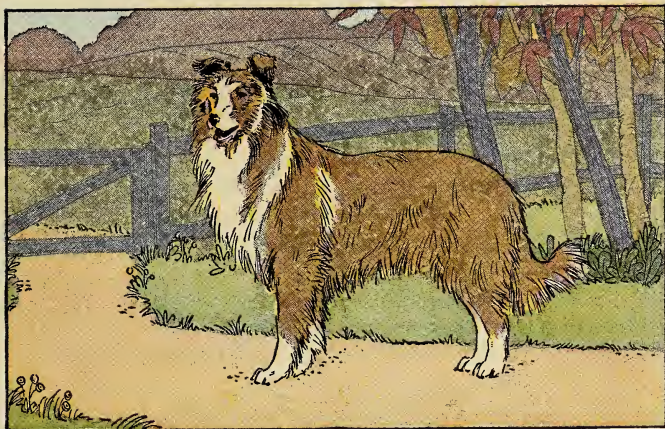


Little Yellow Duck was not happy.
It could not say “mew, mew.”
It could not say “bow-wow.”
It could not say “tweet, tweet.”
So the little duck went home.
Mother Duck saw it coming.
“Quack, quack,” said Mother Duck.
“Oh!” said Little Duck.
“That is a very pretty way to talk.
I think I will talk that way, too.”
And Little Yellow Duck found
that it could say “quack, quack”
very well.

PART · III



JUST FOR FUN



Carlo and the Big Bird*

Carlo was a big dog. He lived with Grandfather on the farm.

Carlo was a good farm dog.

He helped Grandfather.

Every day he went after the cows.

Carlo liked to go to the fields with Grandfather.

*Adapted from "Carlo's Big Bird," in *My Grandpa's Farm* by Mary Wolfe Thompson, copyright 1928, 1929 by Mary Wolfe Thompson; and reprinted by permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company.

One day Jim came to the farm.

He was playing with Carlo.

Jim wanted Carlo to do tricks.

“Carlo can not do any tricks,”
said Grandfather.

“But he is a good farm dog and
knows how to help a farmer.

He gets the cows for me.

He runs after the crows that come
to eat the corn.

The crows do not like him.”

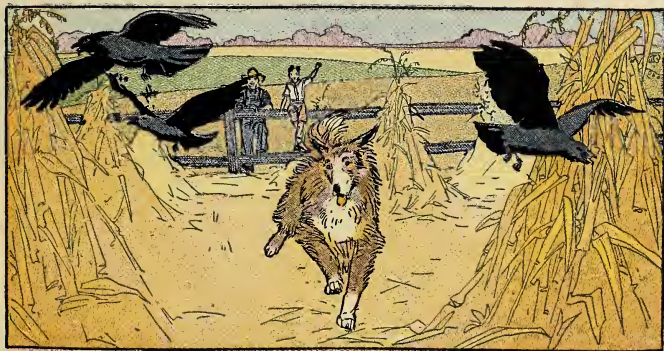
Jim said, “Oh, Grandfather!

It must be fun to see Carlo go
after the crows.

Let us take him to the field now.

We may see some crows there.

I want to see Carlo run
after the crows.”



Grandfather and Jim took Carlo to the corn field.

They saw some big black crows.

“Go, Carlo!” cried Grandfather.

“Go after the crows!”

Carlo started after the crows.

The big birds flew away, but some of them came back soon.

Carlo ran after the crows again and again.

He thought it was fun.



“Good dog! Good Carlo!” said Jim.
Just then they heard a noise
over their heads.

They all looked up.

“See the airplane!” said Jim.

“Here it comes,” said Grandfather.

“It is coming over the field.”

Jim said, “It looks like a big bird.

Carlo sees it, too.

There he goes after it.”



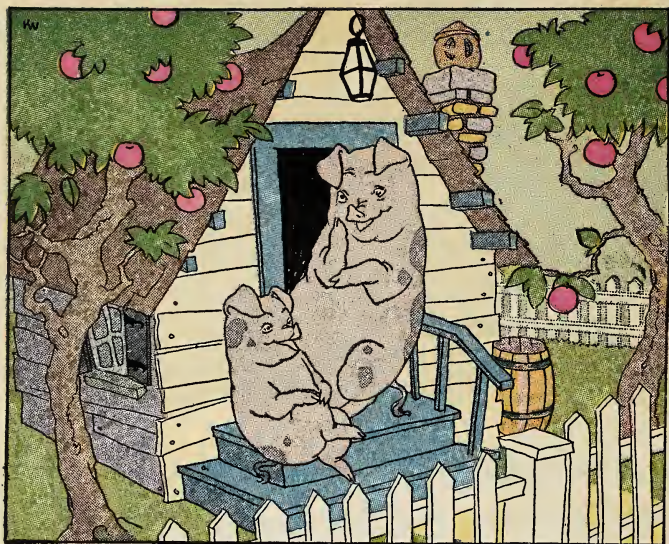
Carlo ran after the airplane as fast as he could go.

By and by the dog came back to the corn field. He was very tired.

Grandfather laughed at him, and Jim laughed, too.

“That is a good joke on you, Carlo,” said Jim.

“You thought the airplane was a big bird.”



Mother Pig's Joke

Once upon a time a little pig
lived in a little house.

He lived there with his mother.

Two very fine apple trees grew
in Mother Pig's front yard.

They had big red apples on them.



One morning Little Pig said,
“I wish I had an apple pie.”

Mother Pig said, “I will make
some apple pies.

But first I must go to the store.

You must stay at home. Don't let
any one take the big red apples.”

Little Pig said, “Yes, Mother.
I will stay at home and look
after the apples.”

So Mother Pig took her basket
and went to the store.



By and by White Cow came along.

“What fine red apples!” she said.

“May I have one?”

“No, no, White Cow,” said Little Pig.

“Mother is going to make apple pies for dinner today.

Come back this evening, and I will ask her to give you a pie.

Mother Pig’s apple pies are fine.”

“All right,” said White Cow, and away she went down the road.



Soon Gray Pony came along.

“Hello, Little Pig!” he said.

“What fine red apples you have on your trees! May I have one?”

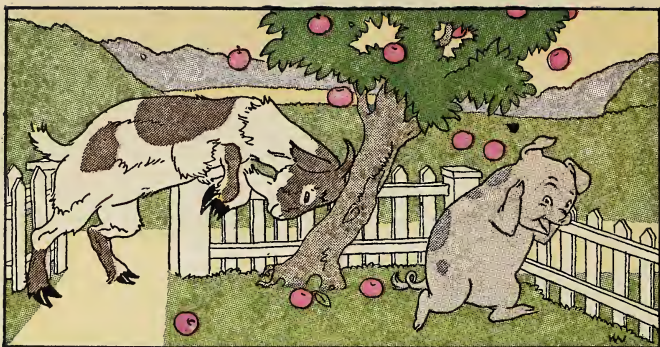
Little Pig shook his head and said, “No, no, Gray Pony.

Mother is going to make apple pies today.

She makes very good apple pies.

If you come back this evening, I will ask her to give you a pie.”

“All right,” said Gray Pony, and away he went.



Then Billy Goat came along.

“What big red apples!” he said.

“I’ll just take three or four.”

“No, no, Billy Goat,” said Little Pig.

“Mother wants to make apple pies.

If you come back this evening,
I will ask her to give you a pie.”

But Billy Goat shook the tree and
took four of the big red apples.

“I will come back for the pie, too,”
he said.

By and by Mother Pig came home.
Little Pig told her about White Cow,
Gray Pony, and Billy Goat.

Mother Pig said, "I do not like
old Billy Goat.

I think I will play a joke on him."

Little Pig helped his mother make
apple pies all that morning.

Mother Pig said, "Now I will make
a very big pie for Billy Goat."

That evening White Cow and
Gray Pony and Billy Goat came
to dinner.

They all sat down at the table.

Then Mother Pig put a big pie
at each place.

Billy Goat had the biggest pie, and
he began to eat very fast.



All at once Billy Goat cried out,
“Look here! Is this a joke?

There are no apples in my pie.”

Mother Pig laughed and said,
“You had your apples this morning.”

They all laughed at Mother Pig’s joke.

But Billy Goat was so angry that
he jumped up from the table and
ran home.



The Gum-drop Tree

One fine morning Bobby Squirrel was playing.

The sun was shining, and he was very happy.

He ran up and down trees.

He ran along the ground.

“I wish I could find something good to eat,” thought Bobby.

Just then he heard the children coming along the street.

It was time for school.



Bobby liked to see the children going to school.

Sometimes they gave him nuts.

Sometimes other good things fell out of their pockets.

Bobby sat up on the ground and looked at the children.

But they ran to school so fast that they did not see him.



After the children had gone by,
Bobby Squirrel saw something
on the ground.

He ran to see what it was.

It was something round.

It was something green.

“What is this round green thing?”
said Bobby. “It is not a nut.

It smells good. I will eat it.”

So he ate a little of it.

It was very sweet and very good.

He ate it all.

“Oh, oh,” said Bobby Squirrel.

“That green thing was good.

Maybe I can find another one.”

He looked along the ground, and soon he found another one.

“I will take it home,” he thought.

“I will ask Mother what it is.”

Away he ran to his home in a tree.

All the other squirrels wanted to see what Bobby had found.

“It is just a green nut,” said one.

“Or a green acorn,” said another.

Then Mother Squirrel came home.

“Oh, I know what it is,” she said.

“It is a gum-drop. It is candy.

Candy is not good for little squirrels because it is too sweet.

You must not eat it, Bobby.”

Bobby Squirrel did not know what to do with his gum-drop.

He thought, and he thought.

All at once he said, "Now I know."

Then he ran down to the ground and began to dig a hole.

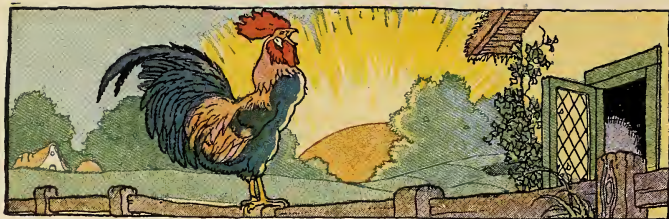
All the other squirrels ran down to watch him.

"What are you doing?" they asked.

Bobby Squirrel said, "I am going to plant my gum-drop in the ground.

Some day I'll have a gum-drop tree with pretty green gum-drops on it."





The Little Rooster

Once there was a man who had a little rooster.

The little rooster liked to get up early in the morning.

The man did not like to get up so early.

He wanted to sleep.

But each morning the little rooster began to crow very early.

“Cock-a-doodle-do!” he called.

Then the man could not sleep and had to get up.

One morning the little rooster began to crow very, very early.

“Cock-a-doodle-do!” he called.

The noise woke the man up.

“That little rooster will not let me sleep,” he said.

“But now that I am up, I will plant my garden.”

So the man planted his garden.

One night he caught the rooster and put him into the barn.

“Now,” said the man, “I will stay in bed in the morning.”

Early the next morning the rooster flew out of the barn.

He ran to the house and began to crow again.

“Cock-a-doodle-do!” he called.



The man heard the little rooster and woke up. He was very angry.

“Oh, dear!” he said. “There is that little rooster again.

I’ll find another place to put him this evening.

I can not sleep now, and so I will weed my garden.”

That night the man caught the little rooster again.

He took him to the barn and put him under a big basket.

Then he went to bed.

But very early the next morning the little rooster got out again.

“Cock-a-doodle-do!” he called.

The man woke up.

He caught the little rooster again and gave him away.

That night the man had a long sleep.

And the next night, and the next, and the next.

He did not weed his garden.

All summer long the weeds grew and grew, and then the man had nothing to eat.



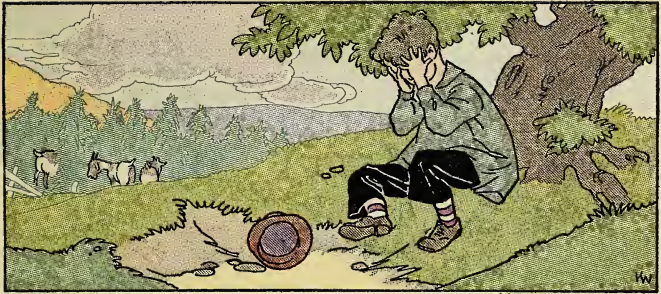
The Boy and His Goats

Once there was a boy who had three fine goats.

Every morning he took them up a hill to eat grass.

The goats ate the green grass all day long.

When night came, the boy took them home again.



One summer morning the boy took his goats to the hill.

They began to eat grass.

The boy was tired, and he sat down under a tree. Soon he fell asleep.

When he woke up, he could not see the goats on the hill.

They had gone into a corn field.

The boy soon found them, but he could not get them out of the field.

What do you think he did then?

He sat down and cried.



Then a rabbit came along.

“Why are you crying, little boy?”
asked the rabbit.

“Oh, oh!” said the boy.

“I am crying because I can not get
my goats out of the field.”

“Stop crying,” said the rabbit.

“I will get them out.”

Away ran the rabbit to get
the goats out of the field.

But he could not get them out.

So he sat down and cried.



Soon a red fox came along.

“Good morning, Little Rabbit,”
he said. “Why are you crying?”

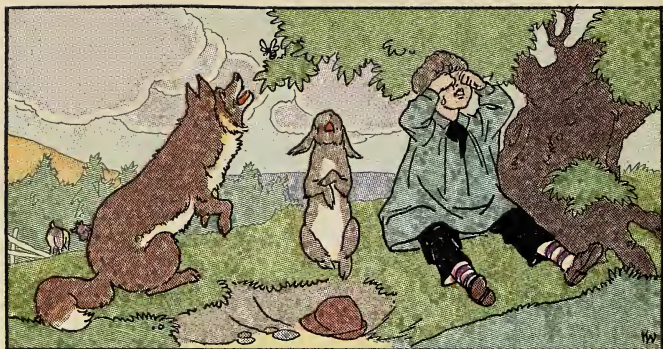
The rabbit said, “I am crying
because the boy is crying.

He is crying because he can not
get his goats out of the field.”

The fox said, “Stop crying.
I will get them out for you.”

So the fox ran after the goats,
but he could not get them out.

Then the fox sat down, too, and
they all cried and cried.



At last a little bee flew by.

“Why are you crying, Red Fox?”
asked the bee.

The fox said, “I am crying because
the rabbit is crying.

The rabbit is crying because
the boy is crying.

The boy is crying because he can not
get his goats out of the field.”

“Stop crying!” said the bee.

“I will get them out for you.”

Then they all looked at each other and laughed.

“How can a little bee do something that we can not do?” asked the boy.

“You will see,” said the bee.

Away it flew after the goats.

It stung every goat.

The goats ran out of the field and all the way home.

The boy laughed and ran home after them.



PART IV



LITTLE WORKERS



The Little Errand Girl

Molly was a happy little girl.

She had a father and a mother,
a grandfather and a grandmother.

Each of them had some work to do.

Father and Grandfather liked
to work in the yard.

Mother and Grandmother did
the work in the house.

Molly helped them all.

She ran errands for them.



One day Father said, "Oh, Molly, will you do an errand for me?"

Please go to the store and get some grass seed for me.

Here is the money."

Just then Mother called, "Oh, Molly, will you do another errand?"

Please get me some bread."

"All right, Mother," said Molly.

As she started, she said,

"Seed for Father.

Bread for Mother."

Just then Grandfather saw Molly going out of the door.

“Here is some money,” he said.

“Please get me a ball of string.”

Molly took the money.

As she started again, she said,

“Seed for Father.

Bread for Mother.

String for Grandfather.”

Then Grandmother called to her,

“Please get some pins for me.

Here is the money. Don’t forget.”

Molly took the money and went on.

As she ran to the store, she said,

“Seed for Father.

Bread for Mother.

String for Grandfather.

Pins for Grandmother.”



Soon she came to the store.

She got the seed, the bread, and
the ball of string.

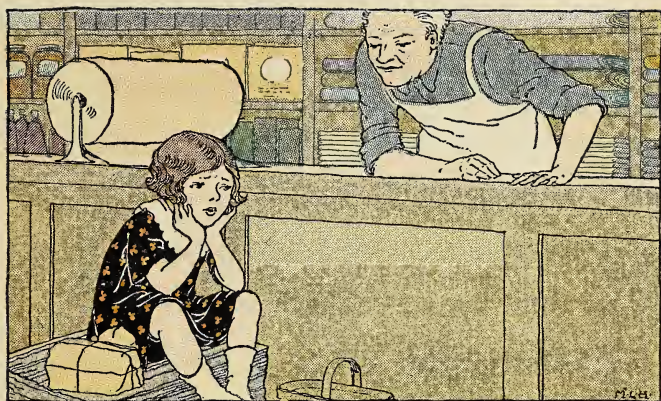
But she could not think what
Grandmother wanted.

“Was it candy?” asked the man.

“Oh, no,” said Molly.

“I must sit down and try to think.”

So she sat down and thought.



Again and again Molly said,

“Seed for Father.

Bread for Mother.

String for Grandfather.

What for Grandmother?”

Then all at once Molly saw a pin
on the floor. Up she jumped.

“Pins for Grandmother!” she cried.

“Now I know what she wants.”

So Molly got the pins and ran home.

Molly ran into the house.

Mother, Father, Grandmother, and Grandfather were ready to sit down at the supper table.

“Molly, dear, you are just in time with my bread,” said Mother.

“You got my seed,” said Father.

“And my string,” said Grandfather.

“And my pins,” said Grandmother.

Then Grandfather took some money from his pocket and said, “Here, Molly.

Tomorrow you may go to the store and do an errand for Molly.”



A Surprise for Mother

Jim and Nancy and May had gone to bed.

Mother had said good-night, but the children were not asleep.

“Now,” said Jim, “let us all think about a surprise for Mother. What shall we give her for her birthday?”

“We have no money,” said Nancy.

“Maybe we can make something for her.”

The children thought and thought.

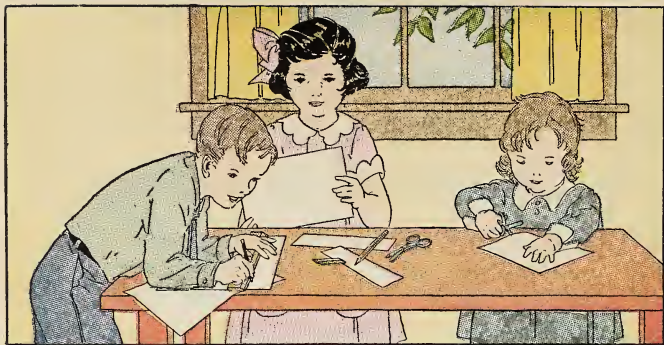
At last May said, “Oh, I’ll tell you.”

And she began to talk very fast.

“Oh, oh!” said the other children.

“That is just the thing! Mother will like that best of all.”

Before long they were asleep.



All the next day the children were very busy making something.

They did not let their mother see what they were doing.

“It will be fun to surprise Mother,” said Nancy. “She will never guess what we are doing for her.”

“We must try to get up very early tomorrow morning,” said Jim.

“I wish tomorrow would come soon,” said May.



Next morning the children got up early. They were very busy.

After a time they called Mother.

“Happy birthday!” they said.

“Breakfast is ready, Mother.”

When Mother came down, she went to the breakfast table.

“My, what a surprise!” she cried.

Then Mother saw three big cards on the table.

Each card had something on it.

One of the big cards said,

Happy birthday, Mother!
I will water the yard and cut the
grass.

Jim

Another card said,

Happy birthday, Mother!
I will be your errand girl.

Nancy

Then Mother saw this card,

Happy birthday, Mother!
I will make the beds and take
care of baby.

May

Mother said, "Thank you, children.
This is a nice birthday surprise!"



Billy Goes to School

It was the very first day of school for Billy. Breakfast was over, and he was all ready to go.

He had a new hat and new shoes, and he looked very nice.

“Take good care of Billy, Alice,” said Mother. “Watch for the cars as you go across the street.”

“Hurry, Alice,” said Billy. “I want to get to school early.”

Billy and his sister started to school. Many other children were going to school, too.

Soon Billy saw the big red school across the street. Some children were playing in the school yard.

Just then Alice saw Polly and stopped to talk with her.

“Wait for me, Billy,” she said.

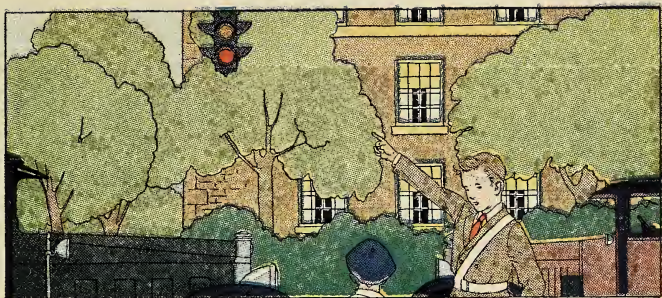
But Billy did not want to wait for his sister. He wanted to hurry.

Some of the boys in the school yard were playing ball.

Billy wanted to play with them.

He saw some cars coming, but he thought that he could get across if he ran very fast.

So he started to run.



Just then a big boy caught Billy and stopped him.

The big boy had a white band on his coat.

He said, "Look out, little boy, or a car will run over you.

Watch that light up there.

When it is red, it says STOP.

When it is yellow, it says WAIT.

When it is green, it says GO."

Billy said, "Thank you! I will do what the light tells me to do."

After school Billy met his sister.

“Who are the big boys that have white bands?” he asked.

She said, “I don’t know their names.

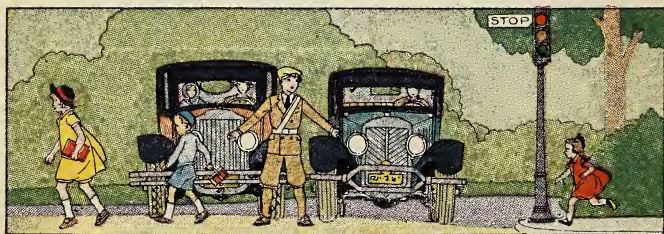
But they stand in the street and watch the little children.

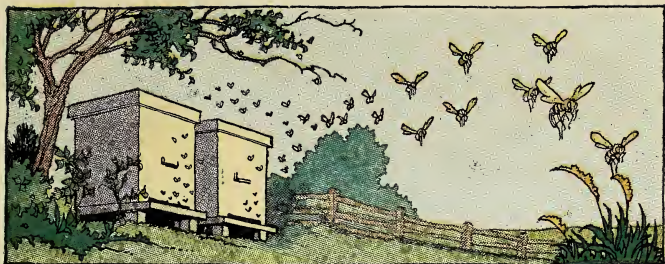
They always have white bands.”

Billy said, “Some day I shall have a white band on my coat.

Then I’ll help the little children across the street and tell them to watch the lights.”

And he did!





The Busy Bees

“Buzz, buzz, buzz,” sang the bees
one summer morning.

They were very busy.

Some were making little rooms
in the bee-hive for the baby bees.

Some were making other rooms
for the honey.

Bees must work, work, work
all summer long.

They must put away honey
for the winter.



“Buzz, buzz,” sang Little Bee.
She did not have to work at home.
So she went out to get some honey.
The sun was shining, and it was
a good day to get honey.

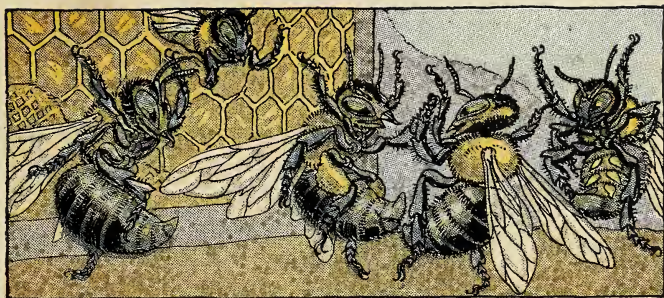
Away she flew over the green fields
to the hill.

Little Bee saw some blue flowers
on the hill.

She flew down to the blue flowers
and took some of their honey.

How sweet it was!

Little Bee took all the honey she
wanted and then flew away home.



As soon as Little Bee was back in the bee-hive she began to dance.

Up and down, around and around, faster and faster she went.

The bees in the bee-hive saw her and came to dance with her.

Up and down, around and around, they went with Little Bee.

They could smell the sweet honey that she had found on the hill.

They could tell that this honey came from the blue flowers.

All of the bees wanted to get more honey from the blue flowers.

But some of the bees could not go out of the bee-hive.

Some had to stay at home and make more rooms for the honey.

Some took care of the baby bees.

Other bees went out to get honey.

First they had to find the place where the little blue flowers grew.

Some bees flew to a garden, but the blue flowers were not there.

Some flew far away to the woods and fields.

But the flowers were not there.

Then they all flew to the hill, and there they found the blue flowers with the nice, sweet honey.



“Buzz, buzz,” sang the bees as they went from flower to flower.

They took the nice, sweet honey from the little blue flowers.

Then the bees flew home.

They gave some of their honey to the other bees.

They put some honey away in the new rooms.

Day after day the bees went out to the hill.

At last the bee-hive was full of honey, and the bees were ready for winter.



Early one morning the farmer came to the bee-hive.

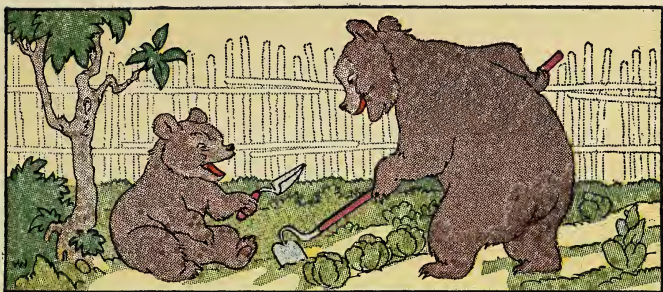
“This bee-hive has more honey than the others,” he said.

“I think it is the best honey, too.

The bees have more than they can eat this winter. I will take some of it for Tom and Jane.”

So the farmer took some honey.

That morning Tom and Jane had bread and honey for breakfast.



Paddy Bear

One morning Paddy Bear went with his mother to weed the garden.

Paddy Bear did not want to work in the garden.

He wanted to run and play all day in the woods.

“Oh, dear!” said Paddy. “I am tired of work.

I don't want to weed the garden.

I wish that I could do just what I want to do for one day.”

Mother Bear said, "Very well.
Tomorrow you may do just what
you want to all day long."

"Oh," said Paddy, "that will be fun.

Now I must think about it.

What shall I do tomorrow?

What do I like to do best?"

Paddy Bear thought and thought
about the things he liked to do.

He liked to roll down hills, but
that made him tired.

He liked to splash in the water.

But water made his coat wet, and
sometimes it got up his nose.

He liked to climb trees for honey,
but sometimes the bees stung him.

Paddy Bear did not know just what
he liked to do best.



“I think that I will do nothing tomorrow,” said Paddy.

“Maybe I will just be lazy.”

“Do you think that you will like to be lazy?” asked Mother Bear.

“I’ll try it now and see,” said Paddy.

So he sat down under a tree.

He sat there for a long, long time.

But he did not like that.

“Oh, my, oh, me!” thought Paddy.

“I am tired of doing nothing.

It is not fun to be lazy.”

Just then Mother Bear called.

"Come here, Paddy!" she said.

"Let us surprise Father Bear.

Let us dig a new home for him."

"Oh, that will be fine," said Paddy.

"Maybe we can make it before
Father comes home this evening."

Paddy helped his mother all day.

That evening Mother Bear said,

"We must stop. Father is coming. He
must not see what we are doing."

Paddy said, "I'll work tomorrow."

Mother Bear shook her head.

"Oh, no, no," she said. "Tomorrow you
are going to do what you want to."

"But I want to work," said Paddy.

"Well, well!" said his mother.

"What a funny little bear you are!"



The next day Paddy was busy and happy all day long.

Before evening a nice new home was ready. It had two big rooms.

When Father Bear came back, he said, "Paddy, did you help make this nice new home?"

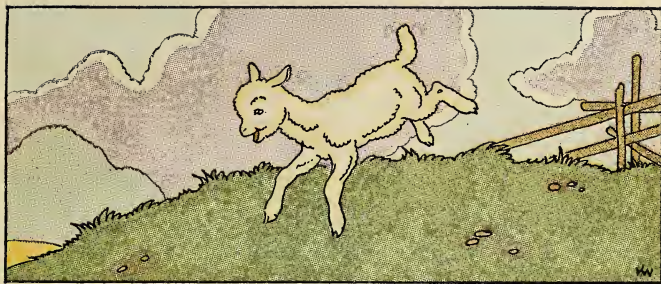
"Yes," said Paddy. "It was fun."

Mother Bear laughed and said, "Paddy thinks it is more fun to work than to be lazy."

PART V



OLD TALES



The Lambkin

Once upon a time there was
a wee, wee lambkin.

The wee lambkin jumped about
on his little legs.

He ate the green grass and had
a fine time.

One day he thought he would go
to his grandmother's house.

“I shall be very happy,” he said.

“Grandmother will take care of me
and give me good things to eat.”



As the wee lambkin was going
along the road, he met a fox.

The fox liked to eat lambkins,
and so he said,

“Lambkin! Lambkin!
I will eat you!”

But the wee lambkin jumped about
on his little legs and said,

“To Grandmother’s house I go,
Where I shall bigger grow.
Then you can eat me so.”

The fox liked to eat fat lambkins,
and so he let the lambkin go on.

The wee lambkin jumped about
on his little legs and went on.

By and by he met a tiger.

Next he met a wolf.

The tiger and the wolf liked to eat
lambkins. So they called out,

“Lambkin! Lambkin!

We will eat you!”

Lambkin began to dance around
on his little legs. He said,

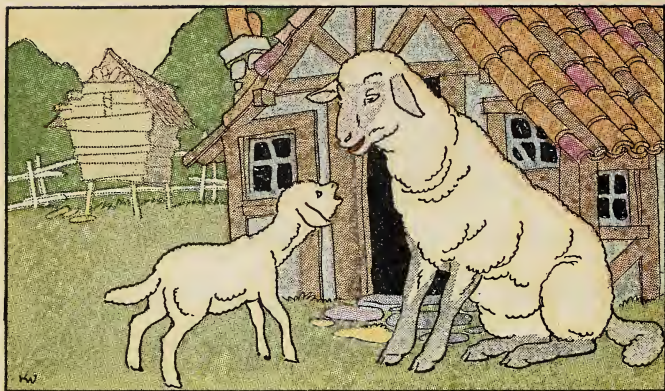
“To Grandmother’s house I go,

Where I shall bigger grow.

Then you can eat me so.”

The tiger and the wolf liked to eat
fat lambkins.

So they let the wee lambkin go on
to his grandmother’s to grow fat.



Before long the wee lambkin came to his grandmother's house.

His grandmother was at the door.

"Oh, Grandmother dear," he said, "how glad I am to see you! I want to stay with you until I grow fat."

"Very well," she said, and she gave him wheat and corn to eat.

Wee Lambkin ate and ate until he grew very, very fat.

“How fat you are, Lambkin!” said his grandmother one day.

“Now you must go home.”

“Oh, no, no!” said Lambkin.

“The fox or the wolf or the tiger will catch me and eat me up.”

Grandmother said, “Let me think.”

She thought and thought.

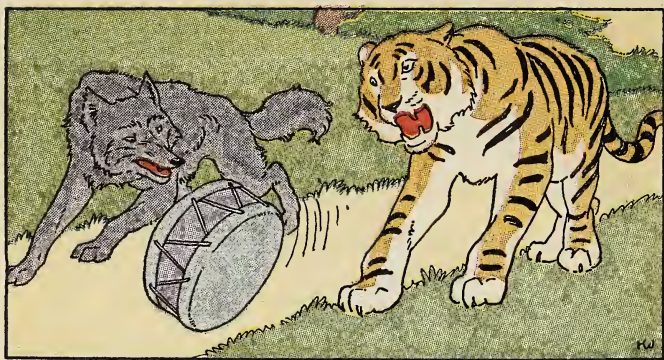
At last she cried, “Oh, I know what to do! We can play a good trick on the tiger, the wolf, and the fox.

I will make a little drum for you.

You can climb into the little drum and roll home.”

So Grandmother made a drumkin and helped Lambkin climb into it.

Then the wee lambkin began to roll along the road to his home.



Soon Lambkin met the tiger and the wolf. They cried,

“Drumkin! Drumkin!

Have you seen Lambkin?”

Lambkin in his drumkin called out,

“Lost in the woods,

And so are you.

On, little Drumkin!

Tumpa-tum-too.”

The tiger and the wolf were angry because they had no lambkin to eat.

As Lambkin rolled along, he sang,

“Tumpa-tum-too.

Tumpa-tum-too.”

He went on until he met the fox.

The fox called out,

“Drumkin! Drumkin!

Have you seen Lambkin?”

Lambkin in his drumkin called
back to him,

“Lost in the woods,

And so are you.

On, little Drumkin!

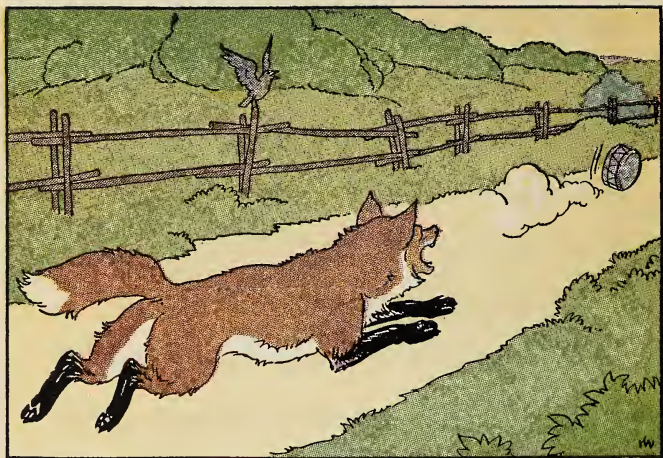
Tumpa-tum-too!”

Now the fox could smell Lambkin
in the drumkin, and he called out,

“Lambkin! Lambkin!

Come out of that drumkin!”

“Try to catch me!” said Lambkin.



The fox ran after the drumkin.

But the drumkin rolled faster and faster until it had gone far away from the fox.

The last thing the fox heard was,

“Lost in the woods,
And so are you.
On, little Drumkin!
Tumpa-tum-too!”



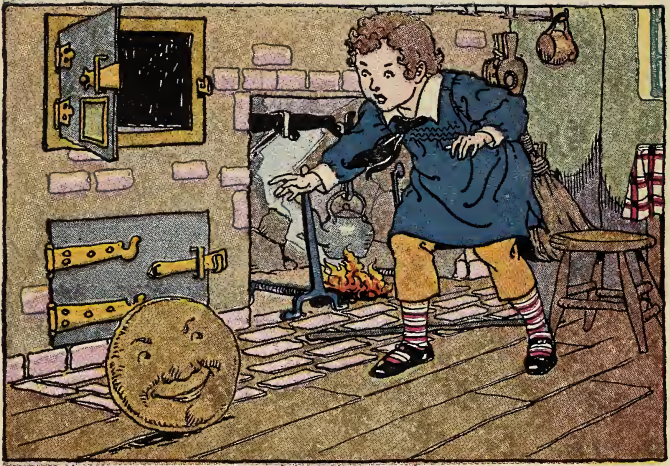
Johnny-Cake

Once a little old woman and
a little old man and a little boy
lived in a little old house.

One day the little old woman made
a round johnny-cake for supper.

She put it into the oven.

Then she said to the little boy,
“You must sit by the oven door and
watch the johnny-cake. Take it out
of the oven when it is done.”



Then the little old woman and the little old man went out to weed the garden.

The little boy sat down to wait by the oven door.

All at once the oven door opened, and Johnny-cake rolled out.

He rolled across the kitchen floor and out of the house.



The boy ran out of the kitchen and called, "Mother! Father! Hurry! Johnny-cake is rolling away!"

The little boy, the little old man, and the little old woman tried to catch Johnny-cake.

They ran until they were tired, but they could not catch him.

Johnny-cake rolled on. He laughed and said,

"This is very good fun.
I roll and they run."

Johnny-cake rolled on and on.

Soon he came to a brown hen,
who was eating corn.

“Johnny-cake, where are you going?”
asked the hen.

“I am out rolling,” said Johnny-cake.

“I have rolled away from a boy,
an old woman, and an old man, and
I can roll away from you, too.”

“You can, can you?” said the hen.

“I’ll see about that.

I think I’ll just eat you up.”

So the hen ran after Johnny-cake
and tried to catch him.

But she could not catch him.

Johnny-cake laughed and said,

“This is very good fun.

I roll and they run.”



Soon Johnny-cake came to a cow, who was eating grass.

“Johnny-cake, where are you going?” asked the cow.

“I am out rolling,” said Johnny-cake.

“I have rolled away from a boy, an old woman, an old man, and a hen, and I can roll away from you, too!”

“You can, can you?” said the cow.

“I think I’ll just eat you up.”

But the cow could not catch him.

Johnny-cake laughed and said,

“This is very good fun.

I roll and they run.”

Johnny-cake went rolling on.

Soon he came to a fat, lazy pig, who was eating his supper.

“Johnny-cake, where are you going?” asked the pig.

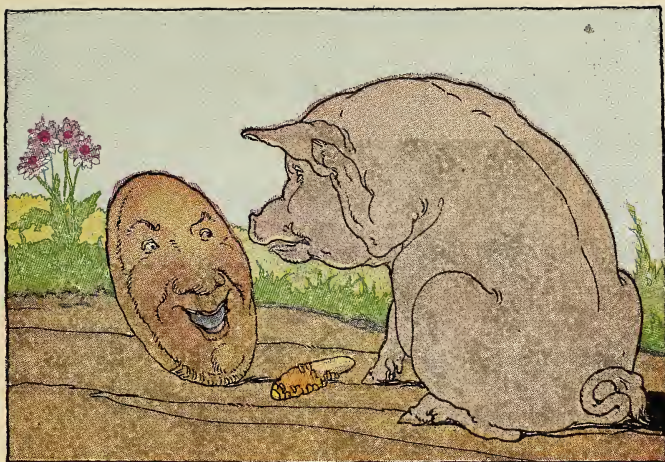
“I am out rolling,” said Johnny-cake.

“I have rolled away from a boy, an old woman, an old man, a hen, and a cow, and I can roll away from you, too. I can, I can.”

“I can not hear you,” said the pig. Johnny-cake went up to him.

Again he said, “I have rolled away from a boy, an old woman, an old man, a hen, and a cow, and I can roll away from you, too. I can, I can.”

“I can not hear you,” said the pig. “You are too far away from my ear.”



Then Johnny-cake went right up to the pig's ear.

"I will make you hear me," he said.

"I have rolled away from a woman, a man, a boy, a hen, and a cow, and I can roll away from you, too."

Then jump went the pig!

He caught poor Johnny-cake and ate him up.

Sweet Porridge

A little girl and her mother once lived in an old, old house.

They were so poor that sometimes they had no wood for a fire.

Sometimes they had no supper and went to bed hungry.

One cold day the little girl went far into the woods. She wanted to find some wood for a fire.

She had no coat, and she was very cold.

She was crying because she was so cold and hungry.

“I wish that my mother and I could have some sweet porridge for supper,” she said.

“How good it would be!”



The little girl found some wood.

Just as she was ready to go home, she saw a queer little old woman.

The woman had a little black pot.

“Why are you crying, my dear?” asked the woman. “Are you lost?”

“No,” said the girl. “I am hungry.

My mother and I are very poor, and we have had nothing to eat all day long.

Oh, dear! I wish we could have some sweet porridge for supper!”

“I will help you,” said the woman.

“Take this little black pot.

When you want some porridge, you must put the pot on the fire and say ‘Little pot, boil.’

Soon it will be full of porridge.

When the little black pot is full, you must say ‘Little pot, stop.’”

“Oh, thank you!” said the girl.

She took the pot and ran home.

Then she put the pot on the fire, and said, “Little pot, boil.”

The little pot began to boil, and soon it was full of sweet porridge.

“Little pot, stop,” said the girl.

At once it stopped. The porridge was done. The girl and her mother ate all the porridge they wanted.



The next day the little girl went to get some more wood for the fire. She was gone a long time.

“She will be very hungry when she comes home,” said her mother.

“I will make some hot porridge.”

So she put the pot on the fire and said, “Little pot, boil.”

The pot began to boil, and soon it was full of hot, sweet porridge.

The mother wanted the little pot to stop boiling, but she did not know what to say.



The little pot went on boiling and boiling. It would not stop.

At last the hot porridge ran over upon the kitchen floor.

It ran across the kitchen floor and out into the street.

How frightened the people were!

They ran this way and that way.

“What shall we do?” they cried.

“The street is full of hot porridge.”



No one could make the little pot stop boiling.

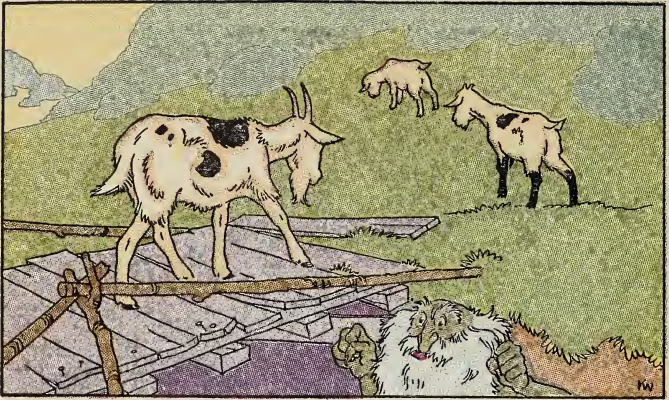
At last the little girl came back. She saw the hot porridge coming out of the kitchen door.

“Little pot, stop!” she called.

And the little pot stopped boiling.

But the street was full of porridge for many, many days.

The people had to eat their way across the street.



The Billy Goats Gruff

Once there were three billy goats who were all called "Gruff."

They wanted to grow fat.

Every day they went over a bridge and up a hill to eat the green grass.

A troll lived under the bridge.

He was a queer old troll.

He did not want the billy goats to walk upon his bridge.

One day the goats were going to the hill to eat grass.

Little Billy Goat Gruff was the first to go upon the bridge.

Trip-trap, trip-trap! he went.

“Who is going across my bridge?” called the old troll.

“It is just Little Billy Goat Gruff going to the hill to get fat,” said the little billy goat.

“Well, I am coming to eat you up,” said the troll.

Little Billy Goat was frightened.

“Oh, don’t eat me. I am too little,” he said. “Wait for Big Billy Goat.

He is bigger than I am.”

“Well, be off with you, then!” said the queer old troll.

Soon Big Billy Goat Gruff went upon the bridge.

Trip-trap, trip-trap! he went.

“Who is going across my bridge?” called the troll.

“Oh, it is just Big Billy Goat Gruff going to the hill to get fat,” said the big billy goat.

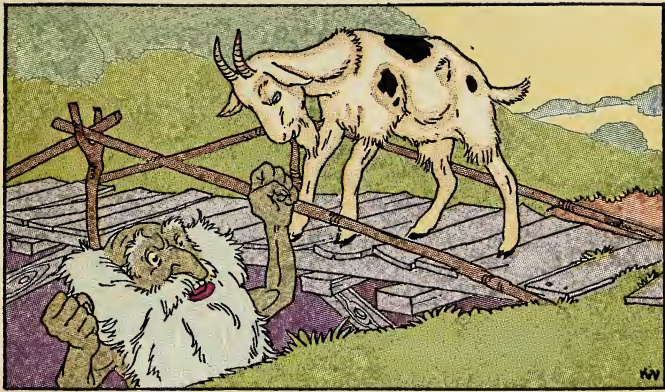
“Well, I am coming to eat you up,” said the queer old troll.

Big Billy Goat was frightened.

“Oh, no!” he said. “I am too little. Wait for Biggest Billy Goat Gruff. He is much bigger than I am.”

“Well, be off with you, then,” said the troll.

So he went back under the bridge to wait for Biggest Billy Goat.



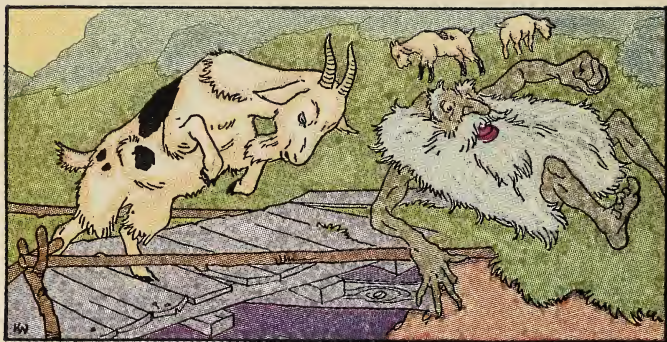
Then Biggest Billy Goat Gruff went upon the bridge. He was so big that he shook the bridge.

Trip-trap, trip-trap! he went.

“Who is going across my bridge?” called the angry troll.

The biggest billy goat said, “Oh, it is just Biggest Billy Goat Gruff.”

“Well, I am coming to eat you up,” said the queer old troll.



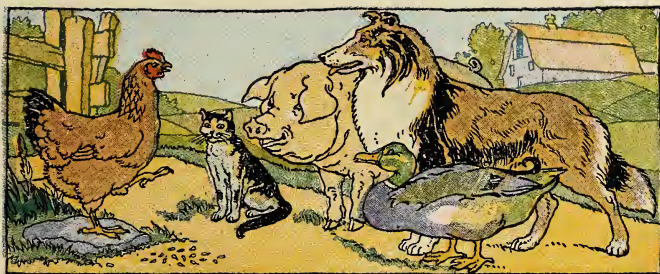
Biggest Billy Goat Gruff was angry. He shook his big head, and called, "Come on, old Troll! Just try it!"

The troll came out on the bridge.

Then Biggest Billy Goat Gruff put his head down. Splash went the troll into the water!

He was so frightened that he jumped out of the water and ran far away.

The troll was never seen again, and the goats were not sorry.



The Little Red Hen

One day Little Red Hen was eating
in the barn yard.

She found some wheat.

“Who will plant this wheat?”
she asked.

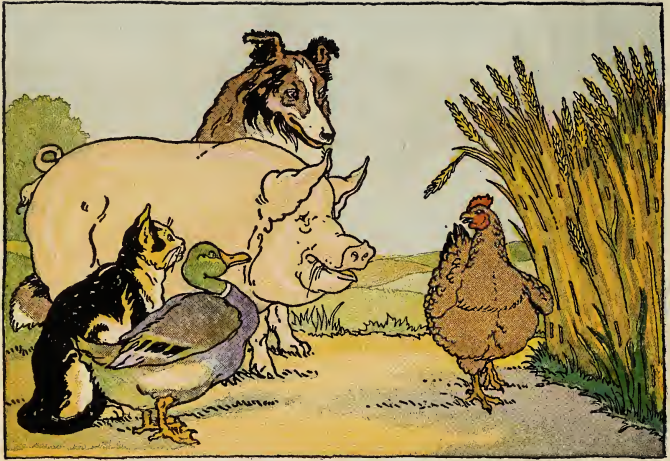
“I will not,” said the dog.

“I will not,” said the cat.

“I will not,” said the pig.

“I will not,” said the duck.

“I will, then,” said Little Red Hen.
So she planted the wheat.



By and by the wheat was ready to cut, and Little Red Hen asked, "Who will cut this wheat?"

"I will not," said the dog.

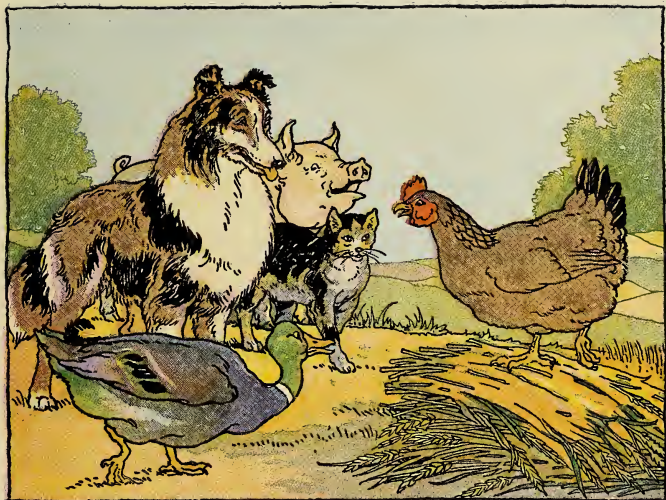
"I will not," said the cat.

"I will not," said the pig.

"I will not," said the duck.

"I will, then," said Little Red Hen.

So she cut the wheat.



“Who will thresh this wheat?”
asked Little Red Hen.

“I will not,” said the dog.

“I will not,” said the cat.

“I will not,” said the pig.

“I will not,” said the duck.

“I will, then,” said Little Red Hen.
So she began to thresh the wheat.

Red Hen said, "Now who will take this wheat to town and have it made into flour?"

"I will not," said the dog.

"I will not," said the cat.

"I will not," said the pig.

"I will not," said the duck.

"I will, then," said Little Red Hen.

Off she went with the wheat, and soon she came back with the flour.

Then she said, "Who will make some bread with this flour?"

"I will not," said the dog.

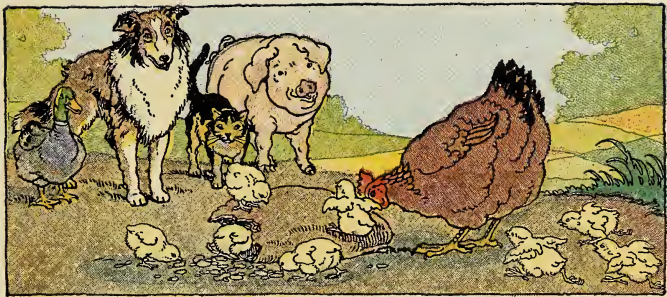
"I will not," said the cat.

"I will not," said the pig.

"I will not," said the duck.

"I will, then," said Little Red Hen.

So she began to make the bread.



Before long the bread was done, and Little Red Hen asked, “Who will eat this bread?”

“I will,” said the dog.

“I will,” said the cat.

“I will,” said the pig.

“I will,” said the duck.

But Little Red Hen shook her head.

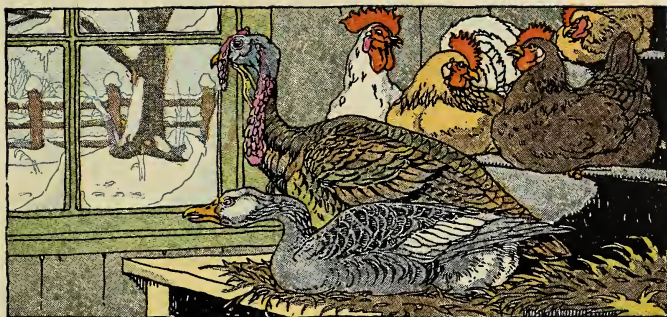
She said, “You have done no work. You are too lazy to have any bread. My chickens and I will eat it.”

And they did.

PART · VI



HAPPY DAY STORIES



A Glad Thanksgiving

It was a cold Thanksgiving Day.

Big Turkey and Gray Goose were in the hen house. All the chickens were there, too.

“How cold it is!” said Gray Goose.

“I have never seen so much snow.”

“I don’t like this cold day at all,” said Big Turkey.

“I wish Jack would hurry. It is time for our dinner,” said the goose.

“Cock-a-doodle-do!” said the rooster. “Every one should be happy today. This is Thanksgiving Day.”

“How can I be happy today?” said the goose. “I am hungry.”

“I am hungry, too,” said the rooster, “and I would like some water.

But we should be glad to have this home. The cold wind can not get in, and the fox can not catch us.

We should all try to be very happy on this Thanksgiving Day.”

The turkey and the goose said, “You are right, White Rooster.

We should all be happy today.”

White Rooster said, “Then let us sing a Thanksgiving song.”

So they all began to sing.



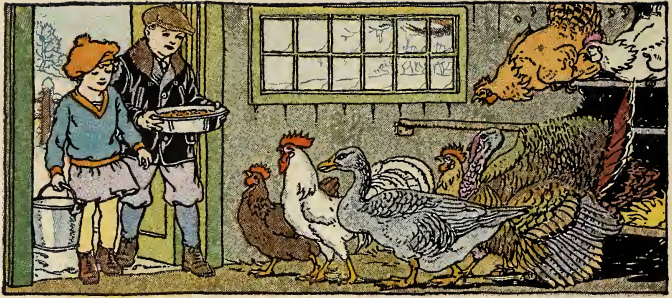
Mother, Father, Jack, and Molly were eating Thanksgiving dinner.

“I hear a noise in the hen house!” said Mother. “Jack, did you forget to feed the chickens?”

Jack said, “Oh, Mother, I am sorry. I did forget. I will run out now and feed them.”

Molly said, “They should have some water, too. Poor chickens!

They have not had any dinner. Come, Jack. Let us hurry.”



Big Turkey saw them coming.

“Here come the children,” he said.
“They liked our Thanksgiving song
very much, and now they are going
to give us a Thanksgiving dinner.”

What a good dinner it was!

After dinner Big Turkey said,
“Now let us sing another song.

Ready! One, two, three, sing!”

When Jack heard their song, he said,
“Hear them sing in the hen house!

They like Thanksgiving Day, too.”



The Christmas Fairy

It was the day before Christmas.

Two poor little children were out in the woods. They wanted to find a Christmas tree.

Poor children! They had never had a Christmas tree.

“Oh, dear me!” said the little girl. “We have nothing to put on a tree.”

The boy said, “Maybe we can find a tree with cones on it. Cones make a tree very pretty.”

The poor little children looked and looked. But they could not find any trees with cones on them.

At last night came. It was dark in the big woods, and the children could not find their way home.

“We are lost,” said the little boy.

“Let us sit here under a tree and wait until morning.”

They were very, very tired, and before long the little girl fell asleep.

“I must not go to sleep,” said the boy. “I must take care of sister.”

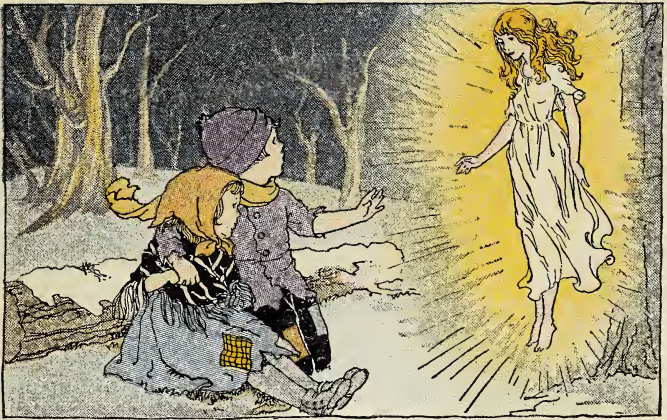
He sat there a long, long time.

All at once he saw a light.

It grew bigger and bigger.

“Look, look, little sister!” he cried.

“See the beautiful light!”



Just as the little girl woke up, the children saw a beautiful fairy in the light. They had never seen a fairy before and were frightened.

The fairy said, "Don't be frightened. I am the Christmas Fairy."

The night before Christmas I am always in the woods. I take care of children who come here, and I find the best Christmas trees for them."



“Come with me,” said the fairy,
“and we will find a Christmas tree.”

She took them to a beautiful tree
that had many, many cones on it.

Then the fairy said, “Little cones,
light the tree.”

And all at once each little cone
was shining like the sun.

“What a beautiful Christmas tree!”
said the children.



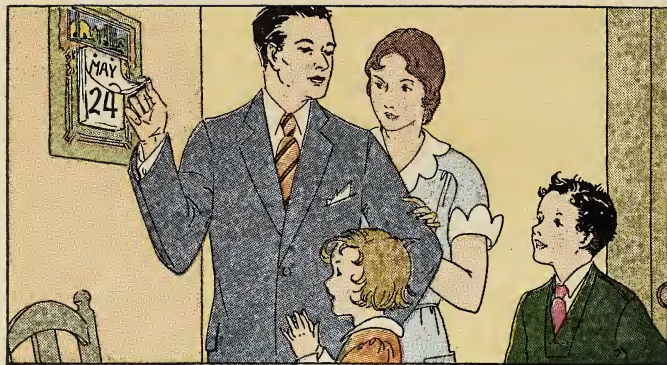
“This is your tree,” said the fairy.

“Take it with you, and it will give you light all the way home.”

“Thank you very much, dear fairy,” said the happy children.

Then they took the beautiful tree and soon found their way home.

They put the tree in the window, and all the people saw the cones shining on Christmas Day.



The Old Flag^{*}

One evening Patty said, "Tomorrow will be Empire Day. Will there be a parade?"

"Yes," said Father, "there will be a big parade tomorrow.

We shall all go in our car and carry the beautiful old flag that Grandfather gave me."

^{*}Adapted from "Their Flag" in *Kindergarten and First Grade*, used by permission of Milton Bradley Co.

Empire Day came, but Father could not be in the parade. He had to go to another town.

He said, "I am sorry that I must go today." Then he said good-bye, and went away in the car.

Patty and Ned were very sorry that their old flag would not be in the parade.

"Oh, Mother," said Ned, "I can walk in the parade and carry the old flag. Please let me carry it."

Patty said, "Let me go with Ned. I can walk in the parade and help him carry our flag."

"I am sorry, children," said Mother. "But the flag is much too big for you to carry so far."



Then Ned said, "Oh, Patty, I know the best thing to do.

The Empire Day parade always goes down our street. We can put the old flag out of the window.

Then all the people will see it when the parade goes by."

"Oh, that will be fine!" said Patty.

So Ned and Patty put the old flag out of the front window.

How beautiful it looked!



Soon the children heard a noise.

Ned said, "The parade is coming. Hear the drums! The band is playing."

The children ran to the window.

All the people in the parade saw the beautiful flag in the window and took off their hats.

Patty and Ned were very happy.

They said, "Our dear old flag was in the parade after all."



Our Flag

See our big flag!
Up, up it goes!
Red as a rose,
White as the snow,
Blue as the sky—
Long may it fly!



The White Easter Rabbit

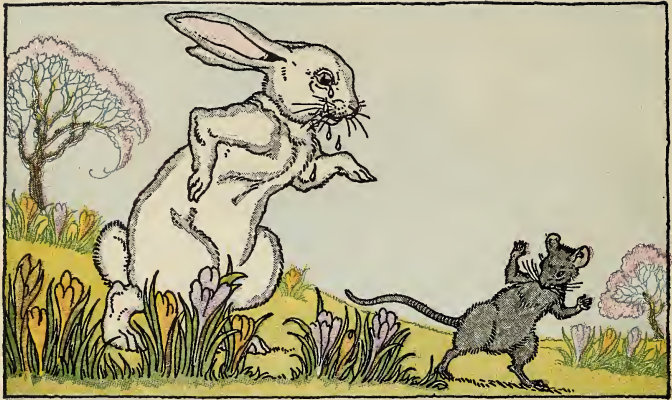
Once there was a white bunny who wanted to be an Easter Rabbit.

“How can I be an Easter Rabbit?” he said. “I do not know how.

Oh, dear! What shall I do?

I wish some one would tell me how to be an Easter Rabbit.”

And he started to cry.



Soon a little gray mouse came by,
saying, "Squeak, squeak, squeak."

White Bunny called to the mouse,

"An Easter rabbit

I want to be.

Oh, please, Gray Mouse,

Will you help me?"

But the mouse ran along, saying,
"I am busy going 'Squeak, squeak.'
I have no time to help you today."



After the mouse had gone, a bee flew by, saying, "Buzz, buzz, buzz!"

The white bunny called to him,

"An Easter rabbit

I want to be.

Please, oh, please,

Will you help me?"

But the little bee flew off, and the bunny heard him say,

"I have so many things to do

I have no time to stop for you."

"Oh, dear!" said Little Bunny, and he started to cry again.



Then Bunny heard a queer noise.
A bird was saying, "Tweet, tweet."
"That is Mother Bird," he thought.
"She always sits on her nest.
She is not very busy. Maybe she
will have time to help me."

So he went up to Mother Bird,
saying,

"An Easter rabbit
I want to be.
Please, oh, please,
Will you help me?"

Mother Bird said, "Yes, Bunny, I will help you if you will not cry."

White Bunny said, "I will not cry any more. Please tell me how to be an Easter rabbit."

"All right," said Mother Bird.

"If you want to be an Easter rabbit, you must do just what I tell you.

First, you must find an oak tree and dance around it three times.

After that, you must sit up and make your nose go sniff, sniff, sniff.

Then you must put one ear up and the other ear down. Next, you must shut your eyes and sing this song,

One, two, three! One, two, three!
Easter Fairy, come to me!

Then you will see something."



Little Rabbit tried to do his best.
First he found an oak tree and
began to dance around it.

Then he sat up, and his nose went
sniff, sniff, sniff. Up went one ear,
and down went the other ear.

Then he shut his eyes and sang,
“One, two, three! One, two, three!
Easter Fairy, come to me!”

Then Bunny opened his eyes and saw a beautiful fairy.

“What do you wish?” asked the fairy.

White Bunny said, “I want to be an Easter rabbit. Will you help me?”

“Yes, I will be glad to help you,” said the fairy.

“You are a good little bunny.

You have tried and tried your best to do what Mother Bird told you.

You have done it all just right.

If you will not cry any more, you shall be an Easter rabbit.”

Then she gave him a green hat, a blue coat, and pretty red shoes.

White Rabbit looked very, very nice in his new hat and coat and shoes.



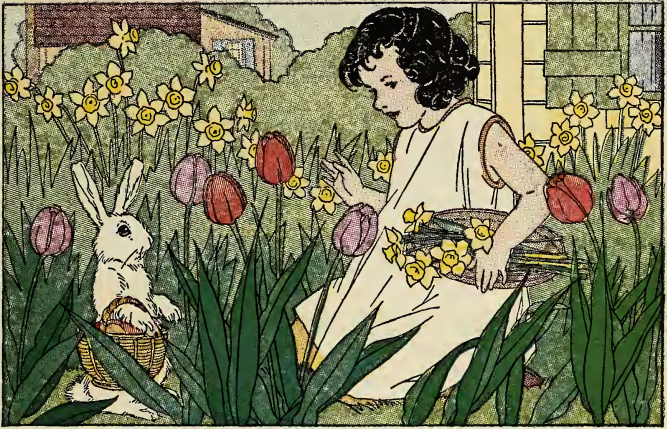
Then the fairy gave him a basket of beautiful Easter eggs.

“The children always look for eggs on Easter morning,” she said.

“You must hide the eggs for them. That is the way for you to be an Easter rabbit.”

Away ran the happy bunny as fast as his little legs could carry him.

At last he was an Easter rabbit.



Easter Time

White Easter Rabbit,
Hop down the street!
Hop with your basket
Of round eggs to eat—
Red eggs and yellow,
Brown eggs and white.
Come, Easter Rabbit,
Come in the night.

WORD LIST

The following list contains the 282 words used in *Elson Basic Book One* that were not taught in the *Basic Primer*. The titles to the full-page pictures introducing the new units (pages 6, 34, 64, 92, 118, and 150) contain five additional words (*pets, animals, workers, tales, and stories*) which are not included in the reading text. For special treatment of these Unit Titles see the *Teacher's Guidebook*.

7	15	23	35
toy	dear	hat	lived
elephant	him	24	own
Jumbo	street	rain	36
8	16	coats	began
zoo	their	shoes	dig
9	door	25	back
along	17	splash	37
just	opened	duck	as
10	18	quack	hungry
tricks	washing	26	38
stand	19	front	thought
11	making	wet	39
head	going	27	summer
wish	sled	made	feed
any	20	brown	40
12	Joe	glad	gave
called	an	28	yellow
thinks	dish-pan	sun	water
13	21	shining	41
Bunny	over	29	forget
liked	fine	see-saw	again
cat	22	wagon	42
14	let	goes	asked
playing	Betty	30	about
yard	time	wind	43
		31	know
		oo-oo	breakfast

44	55	69	80
bluejay	ready	tired	maybe
oak	drum	joke	another
acorns	say	70	because
45	56	pig's	81
last	place	upon	watch
grow	live	grew	82
plant	winter	71	rooster
46	57	pie	early
flew	cut	first	cock-a-doodle-
ground	grass	stay	do
47	58	72	83
doing	well	today	woke
why	sleep	evening	caught
cried	59	right	bed
48	heard	73	84
planted	fast	shook	weed
by	60	if	85
49	talk	74	got
bear	m-ack	goat	long
honey	61	I'll	86
woods	b-ack	or	when
50	62	75	88
stopped	tweet	table	crying
sniff	tw-ack	each	89
smell	65	biggest	fox
51	Carlo	76	93
climb	helped	angry	errand
nose	fields	77	Molly
52	66	gum-drop	work
bees	Jim	school	94
stung	crows	78	seed
53	corn	sometimes	money
told	67	other	bread
ask	started	things	95
54	of	79	string
circus	68	gone	pins
don't	noise	green	96
parade	airplane	sweet	sit
			try

97	109	127	142
floor	dance	Johnny-cake	much
98	around	oven	144
supper	110	done	sorry
tomorrow	more	128	147
99	far	kitchen	thresh
shall	111	129	148
best	full	rolling	flour
before	112	tried	151
100	than	130	turkey
busy	113	eating	goose
never	Paddy	132	our
would	114	hear	152
101	roll	ear	should
cards	115	133	sing
102	lazy	poor	song
care	119	134	155
nice	lambkin	porridge	Fairy
103	legs	fire	cones
cars	grandmother's	135	156
across	120	queer	beautiful
hurry	bigger	pot	159
104	fat	136	window
sister	121	boil	160
many	tiger	137	flag
wait	wolf	hot	Empire
105	122	boiling	carry
band	until	138	164
light	wheat	frightened	rose
106	123	people	sky
always	catch	140	165
107	drumkin	Gruff	cry
buzz	124	bridge	166
rooms	seen	troll	mouse
bee-hive	lost	141	saying
108	tumpa-tum-	trip-trap	squeak
108	too	off	169
blue	125	142	shut
flowers	rolled	144	eyes





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